

# Sports Illustrated



MAY 30, 1983 \$1.75

## BATTERED BUT STILL CHAMPION

**Larry Holmes  
Barely Beats  
Tim Witherspoon**



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\*Based on SAE standard J1349  
†The above estimates are projected Ford ratings based on Ford Engineering's test data, and are expected to be very close to official EPA ratings. Use for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage and California ratings will probably be lower. See your Ford Dealer for a copy of the Gas Mileage Guide when available.

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A FORD...LATELY?**





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SI 5/30/83

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*George Brett*

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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



HENCKEL WITH HER CAMERA-HATING CAT

There are times, particularly early in the week, when the office of Picture Editor Barbara Henckel is a madhouse, a state of affairs Henckel hasn't had time to notice. She's been running the SI photo department since October of 1981, having moved up in less than a year from deputy editor, and is now the director of an elaborate network that includes 18 staff and contract photographers, innumerable free-lancers all over the world, four photographers' assistants and five negative readers. Assignments come thick and fast, and the logistics of dealing with the resulting mass of film winging its way from around the world to be processed and edited, sometimes within hours of an event, are formidable.

On Mondays Henckel dispenses the photo assignments for the next week's issue and checks on the progress of pictures for feature stories down the line. Throughout the week she also meets with SI editors, who go over story elements in detail—and sometimes have to inform her that the carefully coordinated plans she made days before no longer apply. The news has changed. Tomorrow, Henckel knows, the news could change again.

As SI has increased its use of color, Henckel has deployed more photographers and more assistants with more lighting equipment than ever before. Improving lighting systems is a major

priority now, and among the technical advances we are pursuing is an improved flash, allowing for light of the same intensity as in older systems but "visible for a shorter time," Henckel says. "This is a benefit to the photographer, and is less annoying for spectators and TV." She is especially pleased with the greatly improved color quality of our basketball pictures, a result of the fast flash synchronization at  $1/500$ th of a second and, more recently, at  $1/300$ th, with the new Nikon FE 2, which permits us to take advantage of ASA 64 film and the range of Nikon lenses.

"Still, I have to assume that nothing will go smoothly," Henckel says. "I have to anticipate that everything will go wrong—the weather, lighting, shipping, personalities. The difficulties are nonstop. It's crazy. I love it."

For this week's issue Henckel dispatched four photographers to the fights in Las Vegas, two to operate at ringside, two on opposing platforms above the ring. For the Preakness, she made sure our man got his favorite position on the rail. For a night game between the Dodgers and Expos, she decided to use Kodak's new 1600 ASA negative color film. Throughout, her phone rang constantly, and Henckel spoke brightly with each caller as if she had nothing else to do, but solving the problem and getting off the line so fast the caller could scarcely have known what hit him. "All this," says Henckel calmly, "and hoping to inspire great photographs, too."

Virtually the only time Henckel gets away from the job is when she's in the middle of Long Island Sound on her Cape Dory Typhoon. If she spends her weekends at home in New York, the problems will track her down, which is probably why her cat, Berry, freaks out at the sight of a camera. Any camera.

Henckel is smiling in the picture above, but that is not a smile on the face of the cat.

*Philip D. Harber*



# Why Sports Illustrated subscribers keep coming back...



1982 U.S. Open at Pebble Beach.

*Photos by Richard Macdon*

From where Tom Watson was on the 71st hole of the U.S. Open golf championship at Pebble Beach—in the garbage, on a downslope, looking at a slick green—you don't simply chip the ball into the cup for a birdie to beat Jack Nicklaus, who is already in the soccer's tent with a total good enough to win. First you throw up.

Well, that's wrong, of course. If you're Watson, by now you're accustomed to beating Nicklaus in major tournaments because you've done it before at the Masters and in the British Open, so you lay open the blade of a sand wedge and plop the lob-chip shot softly onto the putting surface and then watch the flagstick get in the way of the ball to keep it from running all the way to the Lodge.

Of the many dramatic and champion-twisting shots that were struck and misstruck... in all of the \$1 Opens that came before this one, Watson's chip-in at the 17th will be remembered for as long as men sew leather patches on the elbows of their tweed jackets. —Dan Jenkins, *SI*—June 28, 1982

**Incredible photography. You-are-there writing. Sports the way you want them—alive. Renew your subscription now and reserve yourself the best seat in the house.**

# THE LONGEST ROAD FOR ANY RUNNER IS THE ONE TO RECOVERY.



One of the most difficult things any runner has to endure is being sidelined by a running injury. And the most common forms of running injury are knee injuries caused by pronation and supination, the side-to-side motion your foot makes when you run.



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The Official Athletic Shoe of the 1984 Olympic Games

## spotlight

by ROB GOLDBERG

A PAIR OF SAILING CHAMPIONS WITH  
DIFFERENT BRANDS OF STAR QUALITY

Late one afternoon in March the clubhouse bar at the Coral Reef Yacht Club was packed. An impressive international field of 79 Star sailors—the elite of sailing's elite—had converged on Florida's Biscayne Bay to race in the Bacardi Cup, and after the first day of competition, most were shifting gears, from racing to cocktails.

In the midst of a large, convivial group sat the day's winner, Harry (Buddy) Melges. At his left was Ted Turner, who had stopped by to join him in a celebratory glass. Clearly enjoying himself, Melges described the day's race tack by tack. The bulldog features of his etched, squarish face broke into a contented grin as he told how he and his crew, John Dane, had easily won, their black-hulled Quest seizing a commanding 25-second lead halfway through the six-leg race. With his chunky build, cropped white hair and red shorts, the 53-year-old Melges looked more like a contented businessman on vacation than the winner of the first of six highly competitive races. All around him, the jokes and the alcohol flowed.

Out behind the clubhouse, as darkness fell, there was a marked lack of festivity. The Stars had been brought ashore back there, and Andrew Menkart, 23, was hard at work. He had finished a respectable 13th that day, but he was anything but satisfied. Tall and tanned, lean and serious, Menkart bent over his boat. Unhappy with its speed, he had decided to move the mast a few inches forward and realign the shroud position. As the sun went down, Menkart, pliers in hand, made minute adjustments.

Over the next week of racing, the Bacardi would come down to a confrontation between these two, the jovial veteran, Melges, and the meticulous young man, Menkart. Two more dissimilar sailors could scarcely be imagined.

Melges is what opponents call an old fox: He has been sailing for 47 of his 53 years and winning trophies for well over 30 of them, in A, C and E Scows, Solings, Stars, Dragons, Flying Dutchmen and Ice Boats. He has won the North Ameri-

can men's championship for Mallory Cup) for three years running (1959-61); the National E Scow Championship in 1965, '69, '78 and '79; a bronze medal at the 1964 Olympics in a Flying Dutchman; a gold at the '72 Olympics in a Soling (the most recent sailing victory in the Games by an American); the Star World Championship in 1978 and '79; the One-Design Sailor of the Year Award in 1978 and '79; and the Martini & Rossi Trophy as the best U.S. racing sailor in 1961, '72 and '78.

What is it that makes Melges so successful, and in so many classes? According to his wife, Gloria, herself a crack sailor, "Buddy's a seat-of-the-pants sailor—a natural." Crewman Diane concurs, saying: "Buddy's not a mathematician. He plays everything by feel. I mark my shrouds—he doesn't. He doesn't have to go back to numbers. He goes after the wind—he's attentive to little wind puffs, from years of lake sailing on Lake Geneva, down by where he lives in Wisconsin. He calls it 'finding the gas pedal.' And Buddy never goes sailing against anyone

else. He just goes off on his own and tries to make the boat feel fast. He never worries where the other boats are, he's that confident of his own ability."

Todd Cozzens, former executive director of the Star class, concurs: "Melges is one of the best sailors there is. He has the overall boat knowledge. For example, he doesn't spend much time training in Stars, but his talent is incredible. You can see the years and years of experience."

But Melges himself has been concerned about a lack of recent training: He feels he has been doing too much recreational and not enough really competitive sailing. "I haven't trained seriously in six years," he says. To be sure, work has been taking up a lot of his time. He runs three boating businesses—Melges Boat Works, a sail loft and a spar shop, producing hulls, sails and spars. An estimated dozen of the Stars competing for the Bacardi Cup were built by Melges. And raising three children, including, of course, teaching them all to sail, has taken many hours (He intends to try out for the 1984 Olympics in the Soling class

with his sons Hans, 17, and Harry, 19, as crew.) As an all-round outdoorsman Melges also must fit in time for duck hunting and training Labrador retrievers.

When it comes to competing in a class like the Star—one of the largest, with almost 7,000 boats based in 27 countries, and considered one of the most demanding—Melges especially feels that lack of training. "I've been sailing a long time, and of course that works in my favor," he says. "But the young sailors now are much more highly, specially trained than when I grew up. They have an early expertise and ability to achieve far beyond what we had. You see, we're not driving model A Fords anymore. And Herschel Walker—he learned from what Jimmy Taylor did at LSU 20 years ago. He watched the films, he learned the moves, he built on that."

In a way, Melges believes that sailing is evolving beyond him, and he's not altogether happy with the professional dedication and training of the young in a sport that was once amateur in every sense of the word. "Nowadays they put

continued

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# Why the Mercedes-Benz 300D outperforms every other turbodiesel the automobile world has devised.

Pistons cooled by oil...a lightning-quick automatic shift...demon roadholding and a supple ride. At \$31,000\*, the 300D is one technical feat after another—a turbodiesel apart. Moral: Mercedes-Benz automobiles really are engineered like no other car in the world.

The Mercedes-Benz research car is a sleek silver blur as it laps the test circuit at 195 miles an hour—hour after hour after hour.

Propelling it is an engine like none before: a three-liter, five-cylinder turbodiesel engine, the blades of its turbocharger's compressor wheel whirling at 1500 revolutions per second, the crowns of its pistons rhythmically bathed in synchronized bursts of oil. It is the most amazing diesel engine on wheels.

And it is virtually identical in design to the engine that powers the Mercedes-Benz 300D Turbodiesel Sedan.

Unsurprisingly, perhaps, there is no more powerful automotive diesel or turbodiesel engine offered today. At last, the kind of power and performance that has been exhilarating drivers since the dawn of the automotive age—engineered into a diesel.

## The thinking man's kind of performance

Meanwhile, the 300D's bravura performance is unlikely to exact typical performance-car running costs. As a diesel, it could push your fuel costs per 5,000 miles well under \$200, based on average current \$1.20 per gallon diesel fuel prices and a 33 mpg highway mileage figure. (City mpg [27] EPA.)\*\*

And as a Mercedes-Benz, it shares a name so coveted by American buyers that after the first three years, the 300D has been shown to retain 85 percent of its original value.

At \$31,000, the 300D is more than a performance sedan.

It is the thinking man's performance sedan.

## Hurting through the labyrinth

Exhilarating as it may be, the 300D's performance is primarily meant to help you cope with modern driving life.

Example: Behind the factory walls, a Mercedes-Benz test driver hurtles a 300D at frightful speed through a labyrinth of zigzag pylon curves. Frolic is not on his mind. He is demonstrating that the suspension system of the 3,585-lb. sedan is tight and firm enough to handle the sudden, heart-in-the-mouth evasive moves that every driver sooner or later confronts.

It is for this same reason that the power-assisted steering system exhibits a near obsession with exactitude. It is quick, clean, crisp; no power-steering sluggishness.

Brakes are not discs in front and drums at the rear but discs, discs, discs.

The 300D's automatic transmission is a four-speed, torque converter unit capable of making shifts a millisecond faster and more efficiently than the canniest human hand. But it is so nicely placed—down by your right side, a flick of the wrist away—and so precise in action, that you may find manual shifting irresistible.

## Well-groomed ride

You will not find yourself gritting your teeth over every bump in the road. A beautifully controlled and supple ride is one benefit of the 300D's fully independent suspension system, augmented by ultrasensitive dual-chambered

oil/gas shock absorbers, and with front and rear anti-sway bars integrated into its design.

The 300D's cabin affords almost 100 cubic feet of interior volume within a wheelbase of well under 10 feet. Five adults can enter unafraid of cramps or claustrophobia.

One of its more elaborately engineered elements is the seats. The driver's seat, for example, is a 58-lb. biomechanical support system, built on a foundation of steel coil springs under a sandwich of five padded layers.

You may not opt to buy a single extra-cost option, for the best of reasons: you may not need to. From automatic climate control to electronic cruise control, from a central vacuum locking system to a four-speaker cabin stereo system, from electric window lifts and heated rear window and almost ad infinitum—useful conveniences are everywhere. And everywhere standard.

Mercedes-Benz was patenting major safety ideas in 1951. The 300D reflects this uncommon concern, and the decades of safety research and development it has spurred. It incorporates 120 safety features as standard equipment.

\*Suggested retail price p.u.e. North York West Coast prices slightly higher.

\*\*EPA estimate for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather.

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\*If not completely satisfied, return unused portion for your money back.



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#### SPOTLIGHT (CONTINUED)

such intense work into it," says Melges. "They take time off from college, time off from work, to train. I can't do that. I have to support a family and run three businesses. Well, I have a heartfelt sympathy for the amateur athlete. But the true amateur in Olympic classes is a thing of the past."

As for the "professional" amateur: The sailor who best fits the description is Menkart. One of his Baciardi opponents, Peter Costa, says, "Andrew's exceptional in his devotion to the sport. He's at it morning, noon and night, 24 hours a day. If he's not out on the water, he's working on his boat. Other racers may be dedicated, but Menkart eats, sleeps and breathes the sport. Andrew is obsessed with sailing."

Menkart started sailing at seven, in a Sea Snark—what he calls "a little bathtub." He won the Sears Cup, as the best American junior, in 1976, and in 1978 he was the youth world champion. That year he also won the overall North America Laser title. In '79 he placed third in the Laser worlds, and in '80 he was selected as the Olympic alternate in the Finn class.

At that point he was attending Tufts, which he picked largely because he wanted to work with that school's sailing coach, Joe Daplin, a former Star world champion. Menkart's studies in civil engineering fed his passion for sailing. Courses in fluid mechanics, conversations with professors on structural design and hours spent in the library all added up to an understanding of how boats and sails work.

When Menkart first got into Star racing 2½ years ago, he began designing his own boats. Since then he has gone through six Stars, changing, sharpening, perfecting. Last summer, when he went to Europe to coach and sail, he worked with boatbuilders in the little town of Musso, in northern Italy, to come up with the best possible structure for his craft—sail number 6910—within the narrow specifications of the Star class, and he now oversees the manufacture of his sails as well.

Menkart is the mathematician that Melges isn't. Menkart shaves seconds off his time through precise calculation. "I don't think I have a natural ability to steer well," he says, "so I have to put more mental energy into it. There are a lot of variables in Star sailing, more than in most classes. You have to eliminate as

many as possible. The more you can learn, the better off you are. I do spend more time than average working, troubleshooting, training. I guess my strength is thoroughness."

Menkart is currently gearing up for the 1984 Olympics in Stars, and of course he has a plan. "I've spent a good deal of time in the past two years learning how to construct, rig and set up a Star," he says. "Now I'm going to spend more time actually sailing. I still have a lot to learn about how to handle a boat better. And I'm going to start a conditioning program again." This will include Nautilus weight-training, push-ups, sit-ups and running. But luckily for Menkart, the president of the New Jersey marine transportation company for which he works is himself a sailor and gives Menkart time off to compete.

So far, his Olympic preparation is on schedule. He won the 1981 North American championship in his first year in the Star class and the Western Hemisphere championship in 1982. By the middle of the 1983 Baccardi Cup, a major indicator of Olympic potential, he was in the thick of the competition, battling Melges. Danish sailor Jens Christensen and three-time North American champion Peter Wright.

Day 3 on Biscayne Bay came up gray and soggy. There was a light drizzle, and the wind kept swinging through 40-degree shifts. At the race's halfway point, it began blowing hard, gusting to 45 knots. A small-craft advisory was announced, but the race still had 3½ legs to go. Boats started taking on water; several masts snapped. A few boats were swamped, and two actually sank. But Menkart plowed through the heavy weather to a second behind Christensen, with Melges fifth.

For Melges the race was tailor-made to show off a technique for which he is renowned—sailing "around" waves when the wind picks up. Says Dane, "He keeps going fast and feathers off the waves—just aims around them—when everyone else is slowing up." Even so, on this day he could not beat Menkart.

For Menkart, preparation paid off again. He had been betting on the heavy weather and was ready, both in gear and mental attitude. "He always has the right equipment," says crewman Jim Kavle, "and he's so good at the analytical side of sailing—sizing up the sails, staying calm, keeping his head clear."

continued

## "STRESS BURNOUT?" Find out if you have it, why you have it, and how to combat it.

Think a moment. Do you know the true meaning of the word "stress"? Most people think of stress only in emotional terms. But in fact, stress has powerful physical effects as well. As such, it bears directly on good physical health and well-being.

"Stress Burnout" occurs when, as a result of physical stress or lack of proper nutrition, your body does not get the vitamins it needs.

To determine if you're heading for "Stress Burnout," it is first necessary to understand physical stress itself. Then, the vital role nutrition plays as a weapon against it. And, finally, certain critical "Stress Burnout" factors we'll discuss later.

**"Stress Burnout" Explained.** In a sense, everything we do—just being alive—is stressful. But the level and kind of stress—and its demands on our bodies—varies widely with individual activities and life-styles. From a physical standpoint, running in a marathon might seem more stressful than running for a bus. But how the stress event affects you depends a lot on how well you handle it. Because the more stress you're under, the more demands you make on your body. If your nutrition is not adequate, "Stress Burnout" can be a result.

To help meet the challenges of "Stress Burnout," a higher nutritional potency has been built into Beminol Stress Plus® vitamins. In fact, Beminol Stress Plus vitamins have 17% more vitamin C, 66% more vitamin B<sub>1</sub> and 100% more vitamin B<sub>12</sub> than the well-known Stress-tabs® 600 with Iron.

**How old are you?** Nobody is immune. Because "Stress Burnout" can affect your health whether you're 18 or 65. Young adults engage in a variety of activities—many that affect their physical well-being. The daily physical demands made on parents are no less significant. And the overall well-being of older people could be jeopardized due to decreased levels of food intake and activity. That is why Beminol Stress Plus concentrates heavily on the B vitamin group. To provide the necessary nutritional protection—whether you're 18 or 65.

**"Stress Burnout"—do you have it?**

From the instances given, you can begin answering the question yourself. For example, the physical drain on a football player might make him seem a more likely candidate for "Stress Burnout" than a librarian. But a librarian might exercise regularly after

work, for example, not realizing the added activity may increase the need for vitamins and minerals. So both the football player and librarian are subject to varying degrees of physical stress. And both could suffer from "Stress Burnout."

In addition to simple physical activity, other important factors can dramatically affect the needs of a football player, a librarian—or you. Factors studied closely in the formulation of Beminol Stress Plus vitamins. A formulation distinguished by more nutritional strength—Burnout Strength—in the areas mentioned than Stress-tabs.

**The hidden effects of smoking, drinking and dieting.** Every time you relax with a cigarette or a drink, you're actually increasing the risk of "Stress Burnout." Because smoking and drinking are "stress events" that increase your need for vitamin intake. Compared to Stress-tabs, Beminol Stress Plus contains higher dosages of vitamins C, B<sub>1</sub> and B<sub>12</sub>—important in vitamin restoration following even moderate tobacco and alcohol use when combined with inadequate nutrition.

Similarly, when you diet, you stand to lose more than just weight. Namely, valuable nutrients your body needs to maintain health. A vitamin supplement such as Beminol Stress Plus supplies the necessary nutrients you may not be getting while dieting.

Still other stress factors affecting the nutrition of millions of people include infections and long- and short-term illnesses. Each can contribute heavily to stress—and "Stress Burnout."

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### SPOTLIGHT command

The fourth day dawned bright and sunny—perfect spectator weather, but not so great for the sailors: There was so little wind a swimmer could have made better time on the reaches. But if the race was short on wind, it was long on tactics. Coming into the last (windward) leg, Menkart was third, trailing two other boats on port tack. It was then that he decided to take a gamble; he broke away from the lead boats, veering onto starboard tack, in hopes of getting a fresh breeze. In the light air, he calculated, the risk was worth it. His calculation paid off, and he swept ahead to victory.

Menkart and Kavle were perhaps proudest of their next day's finish, an eighth. A sudden wind shift left many boats in the lurch, and at the first mark Menkart found himself two-thirds of the way back in the pack. Sand Kavle, "Andy is always so laid back. A lot of people get very edgy at this level of competition, but he'll never raise his voice. We rounded that mark in 40th place, and he was as calm as if we were on top. 'O.K.," he said, "now we have to work." They did work, and made it to the top 10 on the next two legs. Melges was not so fortunate and ended up 28th.

By the sixth and last day Menkart held a solid lead, Melges, hanging on in second place, had one last shot, but his chances were slim and dropped to zero when 50-knot winds canceled that final race.

Commenting on Menkart and Melges, third-place finisher Peter Wright said: "Buddy has talent flowing everywhere. He can just pick up a boat and do well. But I was impressed with how hard Menkart had worked. He was prepared for all conditions. He definitely deserved to win. He's not necessarily the most talented sailor, but he works twice as hard as everyone else."

When the Bacardi Cup was over, Melges was back at the Coral Reef clubhouse, just a small-town guy from Zenda, Wis., having a drink, having a great time with his crew, his wife, his friends. Sailors came and went in the bar, laughing, shaking their heads, trading stories. But Menkart, the winner, again, had little time for stories. There was still work to do, and he was out in back, poking up his boat. Tools in hand, he went carefully over Star 6910. Slowly he unfastened the mast, gently easing it down as the sound of talk and laughter came drifting from the festivities.

END

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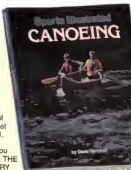


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A photograph of several horses running in a paddock. In the background, a person wearing a white hat and a red shirt is visible. The scene is slightly blurred, suggesting motion.

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A full-page advertisement featuring a cowboy on a dark horse. The cowboy is wearing a red shirt, a brown vest, and a cowboy hat. He is holding a coiled lasso in his right hand and a cigarette in his mouth. In the foreground, two packs of Marlboro cigarettes are superimposed: a red pack for Marlboro Red and a yellow pack for Marlboro Longhorn 100's. The word "Country." is written in large, white, serif font on the left side of the image.

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EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

## OUR CUP RUNNETH UNDER

In Stockholm last week, the 21-member executive committee of the Fédération Internationale de Football Association, the self-perpetuating oligarchy that runs soccer, awarded the 1986 World Cup to Mexico, delivering, with the autocratic arrogance that is its hallmark, a casual coup de grace to U.S. aspirations of hosting the biggest and richest sports event in the world.

In the quixotic belief that the U.S. candidacy was still alive, American soccer officials had sent a formidable delegation to Sweden that included Henry Kissinger, who bore a supporting letter from President Reagan. Pelé and Franz Beckenbauer were also there on behalf of the U.S. But all these worthies might just as well have saved their airfares. The same was true of the emissaries on hand to plead Canada's case.

FIFA had already summarily rejected initial applications from the U.S. and Canada, refusing on the thinnest of grounds even to inspect facilities in the two countries as it had those of Mexico. Appealing those rejections in Stockholm, Canada was allowed 30 minutes to make its pitch, the U.S. a few minutes more. Mexico took barely five minutes, a member of its delegation saying, "You know all about us. You know we are ready." Half an hour later, a unanimous decision for Mexico was announced, even though a committee member from Sweden had publicly declared for the U.S. the previous evening. Underscoring that the whole meeting had been a waste of time, Hermann Neubauer, a West German who's a member of FIFA's inner circle, said, "The Canadian and U.S. replies were considered insufficient at the beginning of April. Therefore we didn't have to take into consideration this later material." So much for the "appeal" process.

In the view of some observers, the Cup wound up in Mexico simply because that's the way FIFA President João Havelange wanted it. A Spanish soccer weekly, *Don Balón*, in a story headlined HAVELANGE PLAYS DIRTY, reported that he had flown to Mexico last October in a private jet as the guest of Emilio Azcaraga, the president of Televisa, a Mexican TV network that stood to benefit hugely from a World Cup in that coun-

try. Other critics suggested Havelange had used clout in his native Brazil, which had earlier dropped out of the running as '86 host, to help destroy that country's candidacy—and so advance Mexico's. Havelange has feuded with Giulio Coutinho, president of the Brazilian Soccer Confederation, who recently said, bitterly, "It was an actual Brazilian who set about sabotaging our project."

Through it all, anything resembling genuine debate over the location of the 1986 World Cup, including consideration of Mexico's enormous foreign debt, has been muffled. "Mexico's economic conditions are improving," Havelange asserted last month, an assertion that will certainly be news to the International Monetary Fund. Concerning his trip to Mexico, Havelange told *SI* he traveled there on a commercial flight but at one point did go for a ride in Azcaraga's plane. "Why shouldn't I?" he asked. "He's my friend. As for the charge that he influenced the withdrawal of Brazil's candidacy to host the Cup, Havelange said this was a government decision, adding, "I'm not the government."

The U.S. delegation tried to be upbeat about its setback. "This would have been a great opportunity, but there will be others," said Kissinger. Maybe so, but for now a fine chance for U.S. soccer to take a significant step forward has been lost in the muck of some very curious international wheeling and dealing.

## RETURN OF THE NONSWIMMER

Sixty years earlier, he'd been tops in the Class of '23 at Columbia but was denied a bachelor's degree because he didn't attend gym class or take the swimming test required for graduation. That didn't exactly impair his journey through life, though. Even without an undergraduate degree, Mortimer Adler, now 80, was able to get his Ph.D. in psychology at Columbia in 1928, after which he became a college professor, author of more than 30 books, educational reformer, philosopher, co-founder of the Great Books Program and chairman of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica's* board of editors, a position he still holds. Recently, however, Adler wrote a letter informing Columbia that he wouldn't mind belatedly receiv-

ing his bachelor of arts degree, and last week he got his wish, graduating in the company of the 750 members of the Class of 1983.

But what of Adler's aquatic shortcoming? Well, he never did learn to swim, but Columbia, which still considers proficiency in swimming a prerequisite for graduation, waived the requirement in his case. Of his long-ago failure to take the swimming test, Adler recalls, "I went to the pool once. The swimming coach kicked me in. I gagged and clawed my way around for a while, and that was it



for swimming." Although he insists that he's not philosophically opposed to physics—on the contrary, it's an important part of the idealized elementary and secondary school curriculum he has devised—Adler says, "I think college is not the place to learn to swim." And he resignedly adds, "I wrote *How to Read a Book* and *How to Think About War and Peace*, but I'm never going to write a book, *How to Swim*."

## HE'S IN THE MONEY

By winning a coin toss for the first pick in the June 28 college draft, the Houston Rockets, who had the worst record this season in the NBA's Western Conference, last week beat out the Indiana Pacers, last in the Eastern Conference, for

continued

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## THE NIGHT THEY FOOLED WITH KING'S CROWN



Six days before last week's heavyweight championship doubleheader in Las Vegas (page 24), Boxing Promoter Don King appeared on NBC-TV's *Saturday Night Live* to be "interviewed" by the show's comic-

sportscazzer, Joe Piscopo. As King began to talk excitedly about his big upcoming promotion, Piscopo objected that nobody cared about the fights and said, "Don, the question on everyone's mind—why the hair? . . . You need a trim. You promote, I'll cut." Egged on by the audience, Piscopo then brought out a pair of oversized scissors and, so it seemed, furiously began cutting down King's famous head of gravity-defying hair.

The spectacle of the grinning King (shown at left during a rehearsal of the impending deforestation) apparently being unbothered by his trademark coif was greeted by gasps from the studio audience and, according to a publicist for the network, an "incredible" reaction from at-home viewers. But when King arrived in Vegas for the Holmes-Witherspoon and Dokes-Weaver fights with his "do" miraculously restored to its full electro-frazzled glory, the secret was out: What Piscopo had actually clipped was an unattractively realistic wig. That may not be, as Piscopo melodramatically likes to put it, "the big story." But it's the whole, now-it-can-be-told—and utterly unshort—story.

the right to lavish millions of dollars on Center Ralph Sampson from the University of Virginia. It's to be hoped that Sampson takes better care of whatever loot he gets from the Rockets than he did the \$600 in cash that was stolen, along with a gym bag and a warmup suit, from his 1979 Chevrolet van in Charlottesville, Va. last Thanksgiving night. Two weeks ago Gary Lesich, 18, pleaded guilty to a misdemeanor larceny charge arising from the break-in and was sentenced to six months in jail. The charge had been reduced from grand larceny, a felony, after Sampson failed to appear in court to testify.

There remained the question, though, of what a college fellow like Sampson was doing with \$600 cash in his van. The police report didn't address that issue and it didn't come up in court, either. Last week a university source told SI that Sampson had been given the money—mostly in 50s and 20s—by his mother for the purpose of buying Christmas gifts during an approaching Cavalier trip to Hawaii and Japan. As for why he'd left the cash in the van, the assumption was that Sampson, who has an easygoing, what-me-worry nature, didn't get to the

bank on time. Whatever the explanation, one needn't feel too bad for Sampson. As if all the money he stands to get from the Rockets weren't enough, Lesich was ordered to make restitution to him of the purloined \$600.

## A LEGACY OF INVENTIVENESS

Clair Bee, who died last week in Cleveland at the age of 87, was one of the most innovative basketball coaches of all time. The 1-3-1 zone was his brainchild, and he helped lay the groundwork for the three-second rule and the 24-second clock. By no coincidence, Bee was also one of the most successful of all coaches. He had a 410-86 record at Rider College in New Jersey (1929-31) and Long Island University (1932-43 and 1946-51), for a winning percentage of 82.7, tops among major college coaches. In addition, Bee churned out 21 instructional and other nonfiction sports books and, in his 23-volume Chip Hilton series, some of the best-written juvenile sports fiction. Bee and the fictional Hilton were the subjects of an SI story in Jan. 7, 1980, written by Jack McCallum, who recalls:

"Life can take a lot from a man before

he's released, and that was the case with Bee. Much of his health and strength were gone in his later years and, finally, all of his eyesight, too. Before that, he'd lost a lot of pride and self-respect when eight of his LIU players were implicated during the dumping scandals of the early '50s. Though he wasn't personally involved, he never got over the pain.

"But life didn't get his mind—I can still see him sitting at his kitchen table when he was 83, huddled under a blanket, looking for all the world like someone in the throes of senility. But nothing was further from the truth. I remember him suddenly springing from his chair and sketching on a piece of paper a few perfect X's and O's, which I know he couldn't see. 'Look, the NBA just isn't using the three-point play the way it should be,' Bee said. 'There's no reason they couldn't set a few simple picks outside and make that a high-percentage shot instead of some desperation heave. See, like this.' Of course, he was correct.

"He left a deep mark even on those who weren't aware of his coaching achievements or his writing. A few months ago I was out in Bloomington, Ind. and asked Hoosier players Ted Kitchel and Randy Witman if they'd ever heard of Clair Bee, who had been one of the strongest influences on their own coach, Bobby Knight. They got very animated and told me how impressed they'd been with his acuity when Bobby brought him out for a visit. Bee was a guru to Knight and a lot of other coaches. That's because there weren't many men with his grasp of the technical aspects of basketball. His prodigious output of top-quality juvenile fiction only made his legacy that much greater."

## THEY SAID IT

● Bob Golic, Cleveland Brown linebacker, of his off-season labors as a member of the pit crew of Indy 500 driver Scott Brayton: "There's nothing in my contract that says I can't change tires."

● Charlie Hough, Ranger pitcher: "They say most good managers were mediocre players. I should be a helluva manager."

● Tex Cobb, whose beating at the hands of WBC heavyweight champion Larry Holmes last November prompted Howard Cosell to decide to stop announcing boxing: "I'd go 15 more rounds with Holmes if I thought it would get Cosell off football broadcasts."

END







**Holmes Really Had A**



# Spoonful

Larry Holmes (left) is talking about hanging 'em up after unheralded Tim Witherspoon just missed taking away his WBC heavyweight championship **by PAT PUTNAM**

CONTINUED

Larry Holmes relaxed in his hotel suite Saturday morning and spoke wearily of the possibility of retirement. The evening before, in a parking-lot stadium behind Las Vegas' Dunes Hotel, he had spent his every reserve in eluding a split decision and preserving his WBC heavy-weight championship against a young Turk named Tim Witherspoon. The fierceness of the 12-round struggle against the 25-year-old Witherspoon was written in bruise upon Holmes' 33-year-old face: a sizable swelling under the right eye, a pinkish and raised abrasion across the lid of the left.

This was expected to be one of the easier of the 15 championship defenses Holmes has had in the five years since he won the crown from Ken Norton. Although eight years younger than Holmes, Witherspoon had had only as many pro fights as Holmes had had title fights, which helped to account for his status as a 6-1 underdog.

Besides, Witherspoon, although ranked No. 3 by the WBC, hadn't fought since his dismal 10-round decisioning of Remaldo Snipes on June 5, 1982. A jaw fracture he suffered while sparring last summer with Lightning Bolt Smith had kept him out of action. During those 11½ months, Holmes had stopped Gerry

Cooney in 13 rounds and won decisions over Randy Cobb (15 rounds) and Lucien Rodriguez (12).

In spite of his high ranking, Witherspoon was a relative unknown who hadn't launched his pro career until he was almost 22—which is relatively late for a boxer—and after only six amateur fights, the last of which he lost. Nothing in his short career gave any indication that he would be anything more than a hit player in another exhibition of Holmes' extraordinary talents.

In the rating of heavyweight champions, prime against prime, Holmes falls short of only Joe Louis, Muhammad Ali, Sonny Liston and Rocky Marciano. All of the rest of the best, from John L. Sullivan through Floyd Patterson, would have come up short, some for no other reason than that their antiquated styles would have been no match for the science of Holmes.

Against this came Witherspoon, a pleasant young man who only took up boxing because he was angry at the medi-



cal fraternity in his native Philadelphia. After a semester at Lincoln University in Missouri, where he played tight end, Witherspoon found employment as a waiter in the doctors' dining room at Pennsylvania Hospital, where his mother, Shirley, works as an electrocardiograph technician. "Those doctors treated me like dirt," he said. To work off his frustrations, he began punching bags at a local gym. From there, he fought in the amateurs, losing only to Marvis Frazier, son of former heavyweight champ Joe.

In his 15 professional fights, Witherspoon displayed remarkable power (11 knockouts); two of his four wins by decision were workmanlike if undistinguished performances. His absence from the ring while his jaw healed didn't figure to enhance his endurance. Nevertheless, Witherspoon was confident. "People are ignoring the fact that I have fought the best," he said before meeting Holmes. "After I sparred with Ali, he gave me the nickname Terrible, meaning I was a bad dude." Witherspoon also worked with ranked heavyweights Greg Page and Trevor Berbick as well as light-heavyweight champion Michael Spinks, Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, a former light-heavy-

This was one of the few instances Holmes was able to connect with his vaunted right.



Witherspoon was able to pick off many of Holmes' jabs with his crablike defense.

king, and James Scott. But the sparring he remembers most fondly was against Gerry Cooney.

"With him I lasted just three days," Witherspoon says. "Then they ran me off. He had 12-ounce gloves; I had 16s. He was nothing. He'd lean to his left to throw a hook and I'd step away, leaving him hanging there like a dummy. When I bloodied his nose they told me to take a walk."

Witherspoon's greatest asset besides the power of his punches is his veteran trainer, Slim Jim Robinson. A former bounty hunter—he worked for a bail bondsman—who had more than 70 pro fights as a middleweight, light heavyweight and heavyweight, Robinson was the strategist behind Mike Rossman's stunning victory over light-heavyweight champion Victor Galindez in 1978. Now he was sure he had the plan that would upset Holmes.

"You take away his jab and he's just another fighter," Robinson told Witherspoon. "You catch it, you slip it, you trap it. Step into it and smother it, then you can punch. And you bang right hands to his left ribs to slow the jab down. And I want you in so close to him it will look like you're chewing on his chest, and from there you'll bang to the body. Back

him up, make him use his old legs."

Holmes, the master of the counter-punch, has as his trainer Eddie Futch, the master of the counter strategy. One afternoon Futch slipped into the gym where Witherspoon was working. Within a few moments he had seen all he needed to know. He reported back to Holmes: "He's working on stopping your jab and your right hand. He looks like Archie Moore. His right arm is up and jack-knifed across his face, and he'll pick off your jab with his right glove. You're going to have to use your hook. As soon as your jab touches his glove, turn the hook over. The whole side of his head will be open."

Holmes's most destructive punch, the one set up by his lightning jab, has always been his chopping right, which has given him the majority of his 30 knockouts in 42 fights. But his hook had been working well in his rigorous training for Witherspoon, which Holmes embarked on immediately after his March 27 defense against Rodriguez in Scranton, Pa. And Holmes had managed to work himself into a white heat that was fanned by a growing animosity between the two fighters.

One day several weeks ago, as the two camps met coming to and going from the gym, Holmes had called Witherspoon a punk. Then he had thrown a towel at him. When Witherspoon's brother Anthony, an undefeated light heavyweight, hurried the towel back, the two camps erupted into a mini-war.

Two nights before the fight, the battle was rejoin. That day Witherspoon's daughter Lenette, 3, her mother, Linda, and Linda's mother had arrived from Philadelphia. They were put in room 1411. Holmes was in suite 1420, and his people were in rooms all around him. That night two of Witherspoon's brothers, Bernard and Anthony, went up to the 14th floor to see Lenette. By mistake, they said later, they knocked on the door of one of

the Holmes rooms, which led to a shouting and shoving match. Someone on the floor called hotel security.

Witherspoon, Robinson and five companions were in the lobby. Noticing the security people rushing for an elevator, one of them asked what was wrong.

"There's a battle on the 14th floor," a security man said.

"My God, my baby's up there," Witherspoon yelled, running to the elevators. The other six men followed him.

Arriving upstairs in Linda's room, Witherspoon was relieved to find his daughter safe. Then there was a hammering on the door. It was Holmes. "I want you and all your people off my floor," he said.

"It's my baby and her mother," Witherspoon said.

"I don't give a damn. You got a half hour to get them off my floor," barked Holmes.

The two groups began to exchange curses. The milling in the hall turned to pushing and shoving. In Witherspoon's arms, Lenette began to cry. "Damn you,"

continued



During the ninth, Witherspoon had Holmes against and on the ropes.

he shouted at Holmes. "Let's get the ladies out of here and you and I will go downstairs and settle this."

Witherspoon started out the door of Linda's room. One of Holmes's security men reached under his jacket, as though going for a gun. Witherspoon was pulled back into the room by one of his own security people.

"Let them go," Holmes ordered.

After Witherspoon and his people had returned to the nonviolent setting of their quarters on the sixth floor, to which mother, child and grandmother were soon moved, Witherspoon told Robinson, "You should have let me fight him. I wanted to fight him right there."

Robinson shook his head. "You're a professional," he said. "When you fight you get paid for it."

Assured of a \$2.5 million payday—to Witherspoon's \$250,000—Holmes came in weighing 213 pounds, just as he did when he beat Norton for the title on June 9, 1978. Later, Holmes would admit that at 213 he was too light for Witherspoon, who proved much stronger than the champion expected. And it certainly didn't help that after Thursday's weighing, Holmes ate "a lot of corn and rice and steak." Friday morning he awoke with a bad case of diarrhea. It left him not only light but slightly weakened.

When the fight began, Holmes, ignor-

ing Furch's advice, threw two jabs and a chopping right, all of which the 219½-pound Witherspoon picked off cleanly. As Holmes stepped back, Witherspoon grinned at him. Near the end of the round, Witherspoon landed a solid right hand to Holmes's left ribs.

From that point until the ninth round, it was mostly Holmes's jab, still as lethal as ever, against Witherspoon's crablike defense, with the edge, however slight, going to the harder-working, if at times frustrated, champion. "He was picking off some of the jab," said Holmes, "but not all of it."

"I was having fun," Witherspoon said of his defense. And amid the gaiety, he all



Fight 1 went 63 seconds, but on Friday Dokes (left) and Weaver mixed it up for 15 rounds.

## THEY HAD TO DRAW ON ALL THEIR RESERVES

It was like the difference between December and May. When Michael Dokes tilted Mike Weaver's WBA heavyweight title five months ago at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas, the consensus was that Referee Joey Curcio had prematurely stopped the fight after only 63 seconds. True, Weaver had been knocked down, but otherwise he seemed O.K. That night Dokes bathed in champagne, but not prize.

After last Friday night's WBA-ordered rematch across the street at the Dunes Hotel, the right side of the 24-year-old Dokes's head was swollen and his left thumb looked as if it had tangled with a snake. And Weaver had to go to Desert Springs Hospital to repair a two-inch cut in his left eyebrow and a smaller gash next to his right eye. The action was virtually nonstop, but the ending was almost as controversial as the last time these two fought.

Dokes kept the title with a 15-round majority-decision draw—the first heavyweight title draw since Jack Johnson vs. Battling Jim Johnson in 1913.

Going into the rematch it was generally assumed that Dokes (26-0-1) was the superior fighter. When he weighed in at 223 pounds—seven more than for the first fight and a reported 15 more than he had weighed a month before the bout—it was clear that Dokes was also a champion chowhound.

Weaver has been something of a trivia among enigmas. Since the night three years ago when he took Big John Tate's WBA crown with a 15th-round knockout, Weaver has seemed unwilling to fight. He'd had only those 63 seconds against Dokes in the last 594 days, not much action for a 30-year-old in a trade that demands steady work of its masters.

To be sure, Weaver's manager, Don Manuel, had demanded a rescheduling from the WBA immediately after the Dec. 10 debacle,

"I told them we'd give Dokes the first round, and we could restart the fight," Manuel said. Weaver, who came in at 218½ with a 24-10 record, had a strategy, something he had been unable to implement in December. "If he runs at me," Weaver said, "I'll have my left waiting for him." But that jab would come later, because the fight opened with Weaver, a notoriously slow starter, delivering a solid roundhouse left, high on Dokes's head.

For the next 45 seconds, they went for broke. "That round was like three. We were both caught up in it," said Dokes. "We were playing king of the hill." Weaver threw circling haymakers, only a few of which landed. Dokes launched crisper, straight inside shots that scored more frequently than Weaver's. Dokes then backed off, winded. He punched effectively off a backpedal until he jammed his thumb against Weaver's head late in the third round. Dokes's jab then lost its snap, and Weaver kept advancing—every round saw him begin the action in the quarter of the ring nearest Dokes's corner—behind his own left jab. Weaver led, countered Dokes's jab and double-jabbed Dokes would hold his own for an exchange and then clinch at every opportunity. Dokes had never been past 10 rounds; it was hot (86° at fight time), and the younger—but flabbier—fighter was retreating with a damaged lead hand. Weaver, it seemed, was in control.

"Dokes shot his way after the first three rounds," said Judge Larry Hazard. "Dokes would throw two shots and hold," said Ray Barnes, Weaver's trainer. "All Mike had to do was turn away and Dokes would have fallen on his face." The weight, which seemed to be helping to do Dokes in, had been written off by his camp as one of the natural processes of growth. "When a reporter asked Dokes, 'Isn't this the biggest you've ever been?'" he responded by saying, "Yeah, and it's the oldest I've ever been, too."

too frequently forgot to punch back. When he did, he punished Holmes's left ribs savagely. But while those offensive bursts were impressive, they were limited in number.

But in the ninth, Holmes made a costly mistake. Coming out of a clinch, he turned to Referee Mills Lane to complain that Witherspoon was hitting on the break. Before he could speak, Witherspoon hit Holmes flush with a right. Stunned, Holmes backed away until he could find a corner. With Witherspoon firing from both sides, Holmes covered up.



Though he looked the part, Spoon wasn't a winner...

Dokes got a warning for low blows in the fourth from Referee Richard Steele. "You could tell that Dokes was tired, that he couldn't get his punches up," said Hazzard. "If Steele had taken away a point for those blows, it would have been Weaver's fight."

Dokes's diminishing power encouraged Weaver to wade in, picking off Dokes's jabs and going right-hand crazy. In the ninth Weaver hurt Dokes with a wicked left hook and came back with a right to the head along the ropes. Dokes held on, but a Weaver left hook to the jaw with five seconds left in the round tossed Dokes away. In the 10th, Dokes smashed a short right square on Weaver's eye. What had been a small cut sliced open. Then in Round 11, Dokes somehow found a second wind.

"Maybe in the end the extra weight helped Dokes," said former heavyweight contender Ron Lyle, who once employed Weaver as a sparring partner. "He had some liquids left." Judge Harold Letterman, who scored the bout 143-143, and Judge Jerry Roth, who had it 145-141 for Dokes, gave the 11th and 12th to Dokes; Hazzard (144-144) gave him the 12th. That was the cushion he needed to go with his early success. "Dokes could have won it easy, by two points, if he'd come out and won the 15th," Hazzard said. "But he didn't. Or couldn't."

Weaver was the more damaged participant, though Dokes was cut in the left eyelid as well. "This was the toughest fight I ever had," Dokes said with a sigh. "He hurt me with that body shot in the ninth."

"I'll fight anybody, as long as it isn't Weaver. They'll have to strip my title first."

Which is the one thing neither Weaver nor two of the judges could do last week. Perhaps the most inaccurate assessment came from one of many amateur ringside officials in attendance, Muhammad Ali. "Still Dokes," he said, "but so close."

—RALPH WILEY

was always a second off. I just left my damn fight in the gym."

Make that a hotel, the Larry Holmes Commodore Inn in Phillipsburg, N.J., to be exact. He purchased the hotel last year and has been fighting to pay for it and its renovation ever since.

Even at 33, Holmes is, or could be, every bit as good as he was. But he'll always be "a second off" unless he can separate the fighter from the hotel owner. There are too many young gun-slingers out there waiting, people like Page, whose unanimous decision over Snipes on last week's

"I just wanted to stay there until he punched himself out," Holmes said later. "I just wanted to punch enough so Lane wouldn't stop the fight."

Slipping punches as he moved to his right, Holmes retreated gracefully across the ring until his back hit the far ropes. "Tie him up," Futch screamed from the near corner.

Instead, Holmes, his head cleared, fired a right that caught Witherspoon on the forehead. Then Holmes launched a savage attack of his own. Witherspoon met him gamely. Suddenly, as though a switch had been thrown, both men stopped firing. In center ring, they leaned into each other, left arms locked. Each was waiting for the other to budge and, at the first sign of movement, to fire a savage counter right. Both seemed to decide to break at the same instant, but it was Holmes who got there first with the right, and then two more before the bell. It was a champion's round.

After that, Witherspoon hung in gamely, but mostly it was all movement. "He was trying to con the judges," Futch said.

He didn't. Judges Chuck Hassett (118-111) and Chuck Minker (115-113), who seemed to have the fairest score of all, voted for Holmes. Herb Santos gave it to Witherspoon 115-114.

On the morning after the fight, Holmes was hard-pressed to explain his performance. "Maybe it's an indication I've gone down," he suggested. "Maybe he's too strong. Maybe I overtrained. In the last two fights I put together so much so fast it took a lot out of me. I was capable of doing what I wanted to do, but I



...but Holmes looked a bit washed up.

undercard puts him in line for a shot at Holmes's title, and Michael Dokes and, yes, Witherspoon again.

"I'm not ashamed of my fight," Holmes said. "I'm 43 and 0, with 15 title defenses, and I'm the champion of the world. Now maybe that's enough. I don't know. I'm going to go home and think about it. I've been thinking about retiring for a long time. Now I'll think about it some more. I'll let you know."

DW



# A Big Loss For A Gambling Quarterback

Art Schlichter has been suspended from the NFL and faces a huge debt by **DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

It was just before noon last Friday in New York when NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle released his ruling on Baltimore Colt Quarterback Art Schlichter: Guilty of gambling on "at least 10" league games in 1982 and of associating with "illegal bookmakers" and therefore, suspended indefinitely. But Schlichter's situation is even more serious than the punishment suggests. Last weekend SI was told that the former Ohio State star's gambling-related debts exceed \$750,000, at least twice as much as originally thought. His attorney, John J. Chester of Columbus, Ohio, refused to divulge the exact size of the debt but acknowledged, "It's terrible. It's so bad that I don't know how he's going to make it."

Further, Chester says that Schlichter, 23, had been through such a living hell before the recent diagnosis of him as a compulsive gambler that there's "some

indication" that Schlichter considered suicide. Says Chester of the addiction, "It's a terrible, terrible burden. It's the type of thing where you don't want to get up in the daytime because you know you're faced with the same thing all over again. And this is what leads people to suicide."

And Schlichter was contemplating it? "I have only his word for it," Chester said.

When Schlichter, who was unavailable for comment after the Rozelle ruling, first approached law-enforcement officials for help on March 15, he stated that he had lost \$389,000 to four Baltimore bookies and still owed them \$159,000. But his total debt is far worse than that because of money he borrowed from what Chester surmises is every source Schlichter could think of. In fact, says Chester, as Schlichter reached the depths of his financial ruin, he went to San Diego and borrowed money from his accountant, an Ohio State grad, Bill Cheng. It was Cheng who directed Schlichter to a San Diego psychiatrist, Thaddeus Kostrubala.

Schlichter's first visit to Kostrubala apparently started a chain of events that eventually brought Schlichter to Columbus attorney Charles F. Freiburger, who in turn helped Schlichter contact the FBI. By this time, Chester says, Schlichter had received threats from bookies that his right arm—his passing arm—would be broken if he didn't pay up. With Schlichter's cooperation the FBI apprehended, on April 1, four men on charges related to illegal gambling. They are Harold E. Brooks Jr., Joseph A. Serio and Charles Thomas Swift, all of Baltimore, and Samuel Richard Alascia of Catonsville, Md. At this writing they

The sign below hangs in every NFL locker room, but Schlichter paid it no heed.

## NOTICE TO NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE PERSONNEL Bribes and Gambling

Among the types of conduct detrimental to the NFL and professional football that call for serious penalties are the following:

- (1) Accepting a bribe or agreeing to throw or fix a game or to illegally influence its outcome
- (2) Failing to promptly report any bribe offer or an attempt to throw or fix a game or to illegally influence its outcome.
- (3) Betting on any NFL game.
- (4) Associating with gamblers or with gambling activities in a manner tending to bring discredit to the NFL.

Any such conduct may result in severe penalties, up to and including a fine and/or suspension from the NFL for life.

PETE ROZELLE  
Commissioner



were scheduled to stand trial in Columbus on June 6 in U.S. District Court.

As for Schlichter, who hasn't been charged with criminal wrongdoing, he admitted himself to a treatment center for compulsive gamblers at an undisclosed location on May 16. Chester says Schlichter will remain there until mid-June. His treatment is being overseen by Dr. Robert L. Custer, chief of treatment services and mental health for the Veterans Administration in Washington, D.C., and one of the preeminent U.S. experts in dealing with addiction to gambling. Four days after Schlichter began treatment Rozelle issued his ruling.

While the suspension is indefinite, it most likely will last one year, just as the "indefinite" suspensions of Paul Hornung and Alex Karras in 1963 for gambling did. On the night after Rozelle's decision was announced, Max Schlichter, Art's father, said, "My disappointment is that if they [NFL officials] are treating this as a sickness, then they should let the doctors say when he's ready to come back rather than the NFL." That's what Chester had hoped to persuade Rozelle to do during a four-hour private meeting, with Schlichter and Custer in attendance, in New York on May 11.

Chester urged Rozelle to take the same path he does with drug cases—which has been to allow a player to rejoin his team as soon as he successfully completes treatment. But Rozelle, Chester says, "places a violation concerning gambling on a different level than a violation concerning drugs. He suspends Art, and he doesn't suspend drug addicts." Chester adds, "An indefinite suspension has you out there hanging in the wind until they decide what they want to do with you." Which obviously is what Rozelle has in mind, because Schlichter and the NFL face problems if and when he returns to the field. What will the reaction be when he makes a poor pass?

According to Chester, it was possible for Schlichter to run up huge gambling debts because he was "a frenzied bettor. It didn't make any difference what he was gambling on. He had no sensitivity to that. He just needed to gamble. . . . The wilder the better." Chester didn't give details of Schlichter's betting patterns, but did say his client once lost \$100,000 "in a short period of time."

Clearly Schlichter was a naive gambler. According to a law-enforcement official, Schlichter once went to a bookie to collect some rare winnings and was told, "Oh, we scratched that game from the board." Schlichter just nodded acquiescence and left, unaware of the obvious fleeing.

Compulsive gambling has only recently been put in the same category with other addictions, such as alcoholism. It is also now categorized as a behavior disorder. Robert M. Politzer, director of the Johns Hopkins Center for Pathological Gambling in Mount Wilson, Md., says, "For the pathological gambler the addiction is to the action. He's attracted by the ambiguity of the outcome of the game. He's totally consumed by it."

How pervasive compulsive gambling is in the U.S. is unknown, although the New York-based National Council on Compulsive Gambling thinks that as many as 10 million Americans "not only risk more money than they can afford, but go on to gamble compulsively, without control." For such people, a slogan such as the one used by New York's Off-Track Betting Corp.—"Bet with your head, not over it"—does no good.

Schlichter had been a prime suspect as a big bettor with Columbus bookies ever since he enrolled at Ohio State in 1978. However, it now appears that while rumors of Schlichter's free spending with bookies were common, no law-enforcement agency ever latched on to any more than rumors. Lieut. Dave Dailey, head of the Columbus Police Department's Organized Crime Bureau, says, "We suspected he was betting and we still think he was, but we were never able to substantiate it with one shred of evidence." Eyebrows were raised when Schlichter was seen often at local horse tracks, and they arched further when he was spotted with Columbus bookie Frank Hook. "There was a lot of guilt by association," says Dailey, "but that was it."

One effort by Columbus police to "catch" Schlichter, an All-America as a sophomore at Ohio State, involved a police informant who posed as a bookie at an East Side restaurant, the Kahiki. Dailey says a bartender started betting with the informant and told him he "had some action from Schlichter" he wanted to get down. Those bets were ac-

cepted. Subsequently the informant told the bartender, "Have Schlichter see me. I like to take my action direct." The bartender said he would pass the message; Schlichter never appeared. "So," says Dailey, "we couldn't learn whether Schlichter was really betting or if the bartender was just blowing smoke." Further, says Dailey, while an estimated 40 bookies were busted during Schlichter's ca-



Chester says his client pondered suicide.

reer at Ohio State, never once did Schlichter's name appear in the confiscated books—although the names of numerous other prominent citizens did.

Indeed, Chester says the only documented dealings Schlichter had with a bookie came early in his Buckeye years when he was approached by a bookie seeking information. Schlichter reported the contact to his coaches, who in turn informed the FBI.

Those days at Ohio State were far more innocent, if not truly innocent, but these days find Schlichter with a long and complicated road back. Chester says that his client will "pay back all his legal debts, to the extent he can." For now, however, the question for Schlichter is the extent to which he can control his own destructive impulses.

END

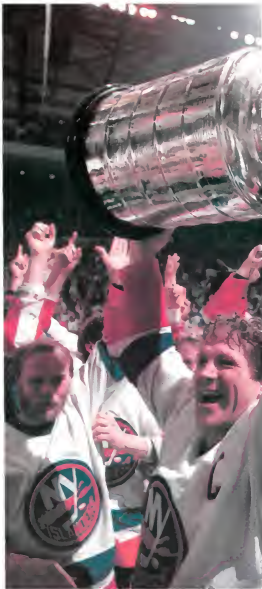
# Are They The Greatest Ever?

With their sweep of the Oilers, the Islanders lifted themselves into the company of the Montreal dynasties  
by E.M. SWIFT

Last week, for the fourth time in as many years, Denis Potvin, captain of the New York Islanders, hoisted the Stanley Cup above his head and started on a victory lap, trailed by a mob of jubilant teammates. The Islanders had just beaten the Edmonton Oilers 4-2 to complete a sweep of the best-of-seven playoff finals and establish themselves as one of the greatest hockey clubs in history.

New York used the same formula in the clincher that it had in the first three games of the series. The Islanders scored early—three goals in a 1:37 span in the first period—and then relied on disciplined checking and Billy Smith's goaltending to make the lead hold up. "I don't think any team has ever played better in its own end than we did this series," says New York General Manager Bill Torrey. Edmonton's Wayne Gretzky never got a goal, and the explosive Oilers spent the series playing catch-up. Edmonton was ahead only once in the four games and never led at an intermission.

By winning a fourth straight Cup, the Islanders join some pretty select company. Besides New York, the only major pro franchises to win four or more consecutive titles are the Boston Celtics (1959-66), the New York Yankees (1936-39 and '49-54) and the Montreal Canadiens (1956-60 and '76-79). And how do these Islanders compare with the teams of those two Canadian dynasties? "Right now, I'd love to play them for a lot of money," says Torrey, who grew up with-





PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL BERESWILL

in walking distance of the Montreal Forum and remembers both teams well. "The game is different than it was in 1956-60. That team's offense was more concentrated. Ours is spread out."

Indeed, during the 1982-83 playoffs, discounting power-play and shorthanded goals, New York's first line (Bryan Trottier, Mike Bossy and Anders Kallur) scored 17 goals, its second line (Brent, Duane Sutter and Bob Bourne) 21 goals and its third (Bob Nystrom, Butch Goring and John Tonelli) 18. That sort of balance is insurance against injuries, and the Islanders had more of those in this season's playoffs than either of those notable Montreal teams ever had.

The '56-60 Canadiens packed their offense into two lines and had the league's premier checking unit for its third line. The Richard brothers, Maurice and Henri, played with Left Wing Dickie Moore on the first line, while the second unit featured Center Jean Beliveau and Right Wing Bernie Geoffrion. All five are in the Hall of Fame. The defense was anchored by Doug Harvey, who won seven Norris Trophies in eight years as the NHL's top defenseman, and Tom Johnson, who got the Norris the only year that Harvey didn't. In goal was Jacques Plante. Toe Blake was coach.

The similarities between those Canadiens and the '80-83 Islanders far outweigh the differences. Potvin is the modern equivalent of Harvey, Bossy of the Rocket, Trottier of Beliveau, and Smith is the best playoff goalie going today, as Plante was in his era. Both clubs had superb special teams. Montreal's power play was so potent that it prompted the NHL to change its rules to allow a penalized player back onto the ice as soon as the other team scored. For their part, the Islanders have led the league in postseason power-play goals every year they've won the Cup. As for penalty killing, the 1960 Canadiens allowed only one goal in 29 chances during the playoffs. Against the Oilers, who had the NHL's top power play this season, New York gave up one goal in 20 opportunities.

The 1976-79 Canadiens, with Scotty Bowman behind the bench, were built around three defensemen. Goaltender

Ken Dryden and the high-scoring line of Guy Lafleur, Steve Shutt and Jacques Lemaire. "I defy anyone to find a troika on defense like Serge Savard and Guy Lapointe at their best, and Larry Robinson at his flaming best," says Montreal Gazette writer Red Fisher, who has covered hockey for 30 years. "Everything flowed from those three, and while Potvin is as good as any of them, I prefer that Montreal team to the Islanders because of the other two. Also, like every great Montreal team I've ever seen, they came to play from Day One."

Indeed, the 1976-77 Canadiens put together the best regular-season record, 60-8-12, in league history before coasting through the playoffs with a 12-2 mark. In four years Montreal lost only 46 regular-season games, compared with the '80-83 Islanders' 88 defeats. Mind you, more was at stake back then in the regular season, most notably a bye in the opening round of the playoffs for division winners. As a result, the '76-79 Canadiens won 12 series en route to their four Cups, while the Islanders had to win 16. The '56-60 Canadiens, by contrast, won five Cups in only 10 series. Says Winger Bob Bourne, in defense of New York's less-than-dynastic regular-season records, "No matter what Mr. Arbour [A.I. the Islander coach] and Mr. Torrey say, this team can turn it on and off when we want to."

Who, then, is the best? By the criterion of sustained domination of their era, the '56-60 Montreal teams remain on top. Nine of their players are in the Hall of Fame, whereas the '76-79 Canadiens can reasonably expect five Hall of Famers (Savard, Lafleur, Robinson, Dryden and Yvan Courmoyer) and the Islanders three (Potvin, Bossy and Trottier). More significant, the '56-60 Canadiens' string nearly began three years earlier. In 1953, with largely the same lineup it would have during its run of titles, Montreal won the Cup, and then in both '54 and '55 the Canadiens lost to an extraordinary Detroit Red Wings team in the seventh game of the finals. So for eight straight years Montreal either won or was within a game of the championship.

Which doesn't faze Potvin. Removing his head from a Cupful of Dom Perignon last week, he grinned and said, "As far as I'm concerned, we're the best hockey team ever to lace on skates."

Potvin is convinced the Islanders are "the best hockey team ever to lace on skates."



Even though Garvey's gone, first base for the Dodgers remains as solid as a Brock.

## Bring On The Coconut Snatchers

That's just one of the many ways the Dodgers have always been able to change players, but not their place in the standings **by STEVE WULF**

**I**n a sense, Sandy Koufax still pitches for the Dodgers. Dave Stewart is black, righthanded and a reliever, but when he throws a curveball over for a strike, he's using a curve Koufax gave him. The fastball is all his own.

Duke Snider is a first baseman this

time around. He's named Greg Brock, and he's off to a much better start than he had the last time. It took two years for the Duke to break into the Dodger lineup. As of Sunday, Brock was leading the team in RBIs as a rookie.

Branch Rickey lives. Actually, he died

in 1965, but about 40 years ago he took a liking to a so-so Greek shortstop, and to this day Al Campanis carries out The Mahatma's wishes. Of course, Rickey can't take credit for trading pitcher Bruce Ellingsen to the Indians for Pedro Guerrero, the rightfielder-turned-third baseman who wields L.A.'s biggest bat.

The Dodgers are back. Actually, they never went very far, finishing one game behind the Atlanta Braves in the National League West last year. But in the off-season, Los Angeles bade goodbye to the anchors of its infield, First Baseman Steve Garvey and Third Baseman Ron Cey, and there was some thought that the Dodgers were bidding goodbye to their pennant chances. The doubts seemed justified when, in spring training, L.A. went 11-17, looking wretched in the process.

Yet at the end of last week there the Dodgers sat, on top of their division with a record of 26-11, the best in the majors. Los Angeles was off to its fastest start since 1977, when it was 28-8 after 36 games and went on to the World Series. Hot Dodger starts are usually accompanied by pennants.

Funny thing, though. The Dodgers haven't been hitting (.248 through Sunday) or fielding (41 errors) particularly well, three-fourths of their starting pitching has been disappointing—the thinner Fernando Valenzuela had a fatter ERA of 3.68—and injuries have robbed them of catching and bench strength. Fortunately for Los Angeles—and Beau Bridges, who

was last week's celebrity clubhouse guest—the Dodger bullpen has been nothing short of astounding. And the two new guys manning first and third have carried the offense: Brock had nine homers and 29 RBIs, and Guerrero was batting .399 with 10 home runs, eight of which had either tied the score or put L.A. ahead.

The Dodgers have also been lucky. But then, luck is the residue of coconut

snatching, cross-checking, hard work, soft sell and all of the other things Dodgers have been doing for more than 40 years. In a way, the first-place standing is a tribute to *The Dodgers' Way To Play Baseball*, which is both a philosophy and a book written by Campanis in 1954.

Campanis is no stranger to philosophy. He was born in 1916 on the Greek isle of Kos, which was where Hippocrates was born some years before. When he was six he came to New York City with his mother. He went to NYU, where he starred in baseball and football, and in 1940 he signed with the Dodgers to play infield for Macon in the Sally League. He got into seven games with Brooklyn in 1943 and batted a tidy .100.

In the postwar spring of 1946 the Dodgers reassembled their coaches and players in Sanford, Fla. Rickey, the general manager, would hold meetings, and before one such session, he asked his lis-

teners if any of them could remember the first thing that he'd said the day before. Campanis rather sheepishly raised his hand. Rickey said "Yes?" Campanis replied, "Luck is the residue of design." Rickey said, "Correct. I'd like to see you after this meeting." Campanis recalls that a little later, "He said he would keep me in mind for something special, although he didn't know what exactly."

The something special turned out to be breaking Jackie Robinson in as the second baseman at Montreal. Campanis was the shortstop, but because he knew both positions, he schooled Robinson in the intricacies of second. Campanis soon became Rickey's protégé. After his playing career ended in 1947, he was a minor league manager and then a scout. Among his more famous discoveries were Koufax, Roberto Clement and Tommy Davis.

As the Dodgers' scouting director

from 1957 to '68, Campanis conceived of and developed the advance scouting of opponents. When he became the Dodgers' vice president in '68, his first transaction was to sell his son, Jim, to the Kansas City Royals. The Dodgers never let sentiment interfere with business.

Campanis, who has 24 tapes of Rickey lectures that he still listens to, is something of a puzzle; baseball people haven't figured out yet if he's brilliant or merely eccentric. Joe Klein, the general manager of the Rangers, having failed after much trying to consummate a deal with Campanis during the 1982 winter meetings, muttered, "Beware of Greeks bearing gifts." The Chief, as Campanis is commonly called, speaks four languages—Spanish and Italian besides the obvious two—and quotes Shakespeare.

He's still very much the teacher and freely passes out advice to batters, infielders and even pitchers. Last Wednesday in Montreal, for example, Centerfielder Kenny Landreaux asked him for some advice before the game. "He told me that I was trying to pull the ball," said Landreaux, "and that when I'm hitting well, I usually hit the ball up the middle. He told me to watch the ball from the pitcher's hand and to wait on it." That night Landreaux had three hits, one to center, one to right-center and one to left-center.

During Campanis' vice-presidency, the Dodgers have finished first four times and second seven times. He has made some bad trades—for instance, giving Cleveland Pitcher Rick Sutcliffe for Outfielder Jorge Orta—but then he'd already stolen Guerrero from the Tribe. "I learned a lot from Branch Rickey, but I also learned from Walter O'Malley," says Campanis. "He told me, 'Al, you've got to be bold.' In trades, that has proved very helpful. As Shakespeare said in *Measure for Measure*: 'Our doubts are traitors./And make us lose the good we oft might win./By fearing to attempt.' Ballplayers put it another way. They say, 'If you sleep on the floor, you won't fall out of bed.'"

*continued*



The Mahatma would love the way that L.A. switched Guerrero from rightfield to third.

Perhaps the best move Campanis ever made was signing a losing 18-year-old Mexican League pitcher named Fernando Valenzuela. Then he ordered that Valenzuela be taught the screwball.

*"In an organization as large as the Dodgers it is important to appraise carefully the potential of each player so that he may be advanced as rapidly as his talents and capacity will permit."*

—From Walter O'Malley's foreword to THE DODGERS' WAY TO PLAY BASEBALL

The L.A. scouting system is a marvel. Year in and year out the Dodgers choose low in the baseball draft, and year in and

years make up for them. For every Ron Kittle—now a hot White Sox rookie—they release, they discover a Greg Brock. They picked him out of the University of Wyoming in the 13th round of the 1979 draft. Stewart was a catcher with a good arm when the Dodgers picked him in the 16th round in '75. Tom Naedenfuer, another reliever, was a free agent, and Pitcher Alejandro Pena, the hardest thrower on the staff, came out of the Dodgers' rich program in the Dominican Republic. Relying on the farm system has helped Los Angeles keep its payroll down. In 1980 it was sixth-highest in the majors; it was 16th last year and will be lower this year.

cause teams have begun to pitch him very carefully. Last week, in a 15-inning loss to the Expos, he tied a league record by drawing five walks. The next night, playing despite an upset stomach, he drove in six runs on two homers, one of them a grand slam, in the Dodgers' 13-3 victory.

After the game, Brock politely but wearily answered questions about his early success, about replacing Garvey, about what pitches did he hit. Brock is a very cool customer—calm, professional. He's somewhat shy with reporters, which his friend, Anderson, has turned into a joke. "I handle all of Greg's questions," says Anderson, who's waiting for Shortstop Bill Russell, the last remaining link in the old Dodger infield, to play out his string. "I'm his press agent. Greg was born a poor, black child. . . ."

Actually, Brock grew up middle class and white in Stayton, Ore., where he played for his coach-father in high school. He attended Wyoming because it was the only school that offered him a scholarship. His celebrity still hasn't caught up with his ability. "Somebody called me today and said he knew my father," Brock said the other day. "The man told me he thought my father was one of the greatest players he'd ever seen, and that he loved watching him steal bases for the St. Louis Cardinals. I said he must have known my father real well."

How good is Brock? Scouting Director Ben Wade says potentially he is better than—dare we say it?—the Duke. In spring training, Manager Tom Lasorda asked Ted Williams to look at Brock in the batting cage. "Greg didn't even hit the ball very good," says Lasorda. "Williams watched him and said he had good balance, quick hands and tremendous hip action. Then he said something that made me quiver all over. He said, 'He reminds me a bit of myself.'"

*"In the Dodger organization, we nickname the changing of a player's position 'coconut snatching.' You move players from one position to another to fill your needs."*

—THE DODGERS' WAY TO PLAY BASEBALL

"Coconut snatching" was a phrase of Rickey's, and it requires explanation. "Mr. Rickey got it from the islands, or Hawaii, or some tropical place," says Campanis. "He noticed that one native

continued



Campanis had the screwball idea that young Valenzuela could make it in the majors.

year out they produce prospects. They have had the last four National League Rookies of the Year, and Guerrero was not one of them. They have produced six Pacific Coast League batting champions in 10 years, including the 1982 titlist, Tuck Wilson, whom they traded to the Twins for a Double A shortstop. This season, at least 14 former Dodger farmhands are in somebody's starting lineup, and another four pitchers are in somebody's rotation.

L.A. does it with good, old-fashioned hard work, scouring the U.S. and Latin America. It employs six full-time cross-checkers to make sure the original scout's report on a player is accurate. The Dodgers do make mistakes, but they almost al-

Says Bill Schweppe, L.A.'s vice-president for minor league operations, "I'm not sure if continuity breeds success, or if success breeds continuity, but we have a lot of momentum built up in our minor league system. We've also been a little lucky." Sure. The names people will be seeing in future Dodger lineups are Dave Anderson, shortstop; Gilberto Reyes, catcher; Cecil Espy, outfielder; Ed Eversong, outfielder; Jose Gonzales, outfielder; Sid Fernandez, pitcher; Larry White, pitcher.

Brock, of course, has already arrived. Besides leading Los Angeles in RBIs, he was first in the National League in walks. For one so young, he has an excellent vision of the strike zone, which is good be-



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would climb to the top of the coconut tree and hold on with his legs and snatch the coconuts, throwing them to a native below. When the coconut snatcher's legs got tired, he would climb down and the coconut catcher would climb up to become the coconut snatcher. They were filling the position by need."

In recent years, the Dodgers have taken centerfielders Russell and Davey Lopes and made them a shortstop and second baseman, respectively. They converted Garvey from third to first. This year they decided to make a permanent third baseman out of Guerrero because they had an up-and-coming rightfielder in Mike Marshall.

The returns are not yet in on this grand experiment. Guerrero looked awful defensively in spring training, making 10 errors. But he has begun to settle down at third, and although he has seven miscues, one of which cost L.A. the 15-inning game with the Expos last week, he's making some plays that Cey probably would not have made.

Although Marshall's batting average

was a respectable .262 through Sunday, he wasn't swinging the bat well, and Lasorda elected to sit him down to relax him last week. In John R. Tunis' *The Kid from Tomkinsville*, Manager Dave Leonard sat Roy Tucker down for the same reason, and Tucker responded by helping the fictional Dodgers win the pennant. When Marshall came back against the Mets on Sunday he hit a two-run homer off Tom Seaver in a 5-0 victory. Stay tuned.

"Pitching is an art."

—The first sentence of  
THE DODGERS' WAY TO PLAY BASEBALL

If pitching is an art, then the Los Angeles bullpen is now at work on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Through 37 games last Sunday, the relievers had a collective ERA of 1.66 in 103½ innings. Their record was 11-2 with 14 saves, which is half of what they had in 1982, when they were last in that category in the league. The bullpen provides the most obvious statistical difference between the boys of '82 and '83. After 37 games last year, Los Angeles was 18-19, and the relievers had five saves and an ERA of 4.84.

They call themselves Canned Heat, after the rock group that was big in the mid-'70s. "You open the can, let the heat out and close the can back up," says Steve Howe. Expo Outfielder Warren Cromartie has another name for them, though. As the L.A. pitchers walked out to the bullpen in Montreal's Olympic Stadium one day last week, Cromartie called out, "There they go. The Untouchables." Cromartie then began to hum the theme from the old television show.

In 22½ innings Howe had yet to give up a single earned run. He attributes his untouchability to two things: 1) a weight-training program that helped add several miles per hour to his fastball and 2) coming clean about the cocaine dependence that he had last year. "I'm much more relaxed, and I'm having fun," he says. "I still have the same societal pressures, as they say, but they



Howe and Stewart lead the Canned Heat.

don't bother me anymore. Admitting my problem helped a whole ton."

In spring training the Dodgers wanted desperately to discover a righthanded short man to complement the lefthanded Howe. First they tried Nidenfuer, then Joe Beckwith, but both were found wanting. Stewart, in the meantime, was horrendous. His ERA in spring training was higher than 12, and he was getting shelled in 8 games.

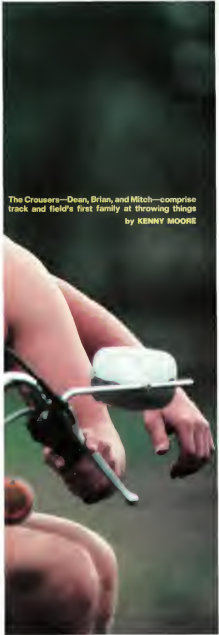
Los Angeles has a fine pitching coach in Ron Perranoski, but one of its roving minor league instructors is one Sandy Koufax. The Dodgers asked Koufax, who is an excellent pitching mechanic, to work with Stewart after spring training. "Sandy got me to relax on my curveball and fixed my grip on my sinker," says Stewart. "He really helped to straighten me out." Through Sunday Stewart hadn't given up a run in his last 10 outings, totaling 17½ innings.

To think that in recent years the Dodgers have tried to trade Stewart, Pena, Howe and Beckwith. As luck would have it, all of the deals fell through. And luck, as we know, is the residue of the Dodgers.



Marshall appears to be the right man for rightfield.





The Crousers—Dean, Brian, and Mitch—comprise track and field's first family at throwing things  
by KENNY MOORE

Dean Crouser lies on the inclined bench in the University of Oregon's weight room, an old sweat shirt tied around his neck like the bib worn at the dentist's. This is to keep the 260-pound barbell above him from bruising his chest when it strikes him at the low point of each lift. Crouser calls out, "Spot for me, will you, Ed?"

"Sure." A young man giving the impression of a furry sandstone boulder steps behind the bar and helps Crouser raise it into position. This is Crouser's younger brother, whose name is not Ed but Brian.

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## Brother, Are They Armed!

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It would be helpful right now to point out that this story calls for remembering a lot of first names, because all the last ones are Crouser. Dean, 23, his rangy 6' 5", 260-pound frame stretched out here on the bench, his elbows locked under the weight, his toes twitching in nervous anticipation, is the 1982 NCAA shotput and discus champion, the first man to win that double since Fred DeBernardi 10 years ago. He was ranked fourth in the world last year in the shot, with a best of 69' 1½".

Brian, who at 20 is 6' 1½" and 232 pounds, won the javelin in the same NCAA meet, the first freshman to do so. He subsequently set a freshman record of 282' 11". The Crousers were the first brothers to win NCAA track and field events outright in the same year, and the first to do it in any combination of years since Mack Robinson of Oregon won the 220-yard dash in 1938 and his kid brother Jackie, who would go on to some success in baseball, became the broad jump champion in 1940.

But that's only two-thirds of the Crousers. Older brother, Mitch, 25, 6' 3" and 255 pounds, who lives in Moscow, Idaho, put the shot 65' 5" and threw the discus 208' 9" last year, even though he quit competition in mid-May to take sum-

*continued*

If Brian's postoperative throws lack distance, Dean (driving) has a way to get him new length.



Dean won NCAA titles in the discus and shotput last year, ranking fourth in the world in the latter.

the sound hard, mercilessly industrial. This seems to the observer a dismal sort of labor.

Dean agrees. "For years I worked on technique so I could stay out of here," he says. "I still hate lifting weights." His best in this lift, which approximates the angle that the shot is pushed away from the body in competition, is 350 pounds. World-record holder Udo Beyer of East Germany (72' 8") reportedly bench-presses more than 600.

Yet Dean isn't in demented pursuit. "I know I have to get stronger, but I don't think I have to go from 350 to 600," he says. He is proud of being the weakest champion in a strong man's event. "The strength thing can take over. It becomes a game of its own." He cites discus thrower John Powell, the 1976 bronze medalist, as an example of how not to be distracted from the primary objective. "He's not big or strong. He's just effective."

But Dean carries the thought further than a simple debate over strength vs. technique. Quickly it becomes obsession vs. balance. "In the ancient Olympics you had to know how to throw the discus, sure," he says, "but the Greeks could also play a musical instrument or were knowledgeable in the law. Now we're getting away from that. I don't know if I've ever met a balanced person."

"Did you call him Ed?" asks a bystander.

"Yeah. I haven't called him Ed in a long time."

"He never calls anyone by his right name if he can help it," says Brian.

The youngest Crouser has always been more at home among these weights. In

high school in Gresham, a suburb of Portland, Dean's best bench press was 205. "A girl beat me," he says joyously. Brian's was 385.

In his junior year Brian won the state high school meet in all three throws, and he has also thrown the hammer 189 feet. Dean is the family hammer champ at 201' 8". In high school he threw the javelin, reaching 230' 6" in 1978. "One of the best high school throws in the nation that year," he says. "On the next one, I blew out my elbow."

To continue in track, he had to concentrate on the heavier implements, as had Mitch, who had thrown the spear 228 feet the summer he graduated from high school, only to tear elbow ligaments soon after. (Indeed, Oregon's most accomplished throwing alumnus, 1976 Olympic discus champion Mac Wilkins, was forced to abandon the javelin for the discus in precisely the same way.) This pattern is on all their minds just now because Brian has bone chips and scar tissue in his throwing elbow. He has since undergone surgery. He had hoped to postpone the operation until after this year's NCAA meet in Houston in early June to give himself a chance to be a four-time winner, but he decided that immediate surgery would allow him more time to recover for the Olympic year.

There's danger in throwing while even mildly injured. The chance of severe damage is always present. "And his form could go bad," says Oregon Throwing Coach Ray Burton. "In the javelin you channel the force through such a fine line of direction that any variation is crucial." How fine is the channel? That is best illustrated by Brian's ability to throw an arrow 230 feet. That's right, an arrow. "In the weights, when you're 24 or 25 you're pretty much stuck with the technique you have," Burton continues. "Brian is so close to what he wants that I'd hate to see him risk it by developing bad habits in response to this elbow."

He avoided any danger of doing that in one dual meet this spring by throwing left-handed. He got a point for third with a toss of 124' 11". "My God, Brian," said an official who wasn't watching closely, "what's gone wrong with you? A month ago you threw 280."

Dean settles himself to try inclines at

#### THE CROUSERS continued

mer classes to complete his geological engineering degree at the University of Idaho. There seems no question, then, that these three brothers constitute the country's preeminent family at throwing things.

Dean lets the barbell drop to his chest. For a few seconds the heavy air of the room is electric with concentrated effort as he drives the weight up. After three repetitions, Brian helps him guide it back onto the supports, where it clanks to rest,

290. Burton spots this time. The rest of the throwers in the room, among them Kent Landerholm, who has improved by 23 feet in the hammer this year to 222' 6", and Steve Davis, who is 6' 8" and 290, and throws the discus 193' 11", pause to watch. Dean has, over the months, called Davis "Sven," which he has slowly transmogrified to "Shwan," "Spin," and "Pain."

He gets the 290 pounds up twice, but the third time takes long, trembling seconds. "Stay with it!" shouts Burton. "Keep it coming!" Finally there's the clank of success, and everyone relaxes. Dean shoots a look at Davis. "Think I'd drop that one, Dale?"

Talk turns to Oregon football players they know who have recently signed pro contracts. "Dean's a better athlete than Jeff Stover was," says Burton. Stover put 68 4½" for Oregon in 1980 and now plays defensive line for the 49ers.

Before elbow surgery Brian threw lefthanded in a dual meet and finished third at 124' 11".



"I won't play unless I can be quarterback," says Dean in a petulant child's voice.

"Do you like to hit people?" asks a visitor.

"Just Brian. And my mom."

The Crousers are defined by this happy ability to alternate intense concentration with frolic. "I think they're so good at competition because those easygoing ways don't let things get to them,"

Burton says.

He believes this to be America's gift to its throwers. "We hold our own with Europe, where the track coaching systems are more organized and scientific, because we're fresher," he says. "The U.S.S.R. and G.D.R. guys never get away from their coaches. They can't talk to people. It gets to be like a job. Wolfgang Schmidt, the East German world-record holder in the discus, apparently made some envious remarks about Western throwers' freedoms, and after that was prohibited from competing outside Eastern Bloc countries. Think of the pressure you'd feel knowing that would happen if you didn't perform well or toe the line. No, I'm not sure if the talent is better here or there, but the freshness is here."

That's a strictly metaphorical kind of freshness. Its manifestation, in Dean's case, can be, uh, gross. "Our room freshman year," says Landerholm, "was so messy that we had to push down on the pile between the two beds to see each other."

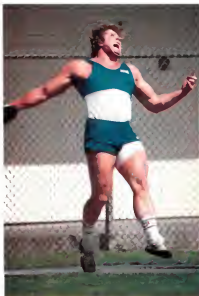
"Pile of what?"

"Clothes, mostly, but at the end of the year they turned out to be composted with chicken bones and orange peels."

That was just preliminary messiness. "We peaked our third year," says Landerholm, "when we shared an apartment with Eric Hohn [who threw the hammer 190' 5" in 1981]. Dean called him Eunice, which he hated. So Dean switched to Natasha. Anyway, that apartment generated its own heat from the garbage. Clothes flowed down tributaries from the bedrooms and bathroom into the hall and living room. Once I

was reading on the couch, and I looked down by my elbow and saw these eyes, like a crocodile's, rising from the swamp. It was Dean. He had sneaked up on me by tunneling under the clothes."

Landerholm recounts the pranks that any imaginative college student pulls or is victimized by, but in the Crousers' case, they strike an idyllic tone, less manic or vindictive than pastoral. "There was



Mitch threw the disc 206' 9", a family best in '82.

our lighter-fluid phase," he says. "We did Bowling with Fire [flaming bowling balls sent rumbling down the residence corridors] or Names in Flames [Dean's favorites in fiery script on brick walls]. Once Landerholm loaded the hot-air hand dryer in the residence hall bathroom with yeast powder, knowing that Dean was in the habit of drying his hair with it. "Got some innocent guy instead. It worked fine. Blasted burned yeast all over his chest."

Landerholm tells these stories lovingly, with the perspective of age. He and Dean are fifth year seniors: "I remember

*continued*

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our first week on campus, the fall of '78. I had an old discus. We went to Hayward Field, in the twilight of an Indian summer day, and we threw. Neither of us weighed more than 200 pounds, and we were throwing about 140 feet. And we were talking about how great it was going to be to throw 200 feet and thinking about the meets we'd seen there. ... God, that seems like a long time ago. That old, rotten disc, the stands there, the pink sky." The dreams.

"And now?" prompts his questioner.

"Well, now it's not as if it wasn't worth it." Landerholm continues. "It is great to throw 200. But I think we—throwers in general—are easily frustrated. It takes a special patience to gain the technique, yes, but there's a way in which you are never satisfied. It's like before the adrenaline gets going you feel normal. Then you get in the ring in competition, and you become a different person. Aggressive. Then you hit it, and you let out all this frustration.

"Dean and I have talked about it. At the end of a meet, you feel depressed. You've been erupting, and now you're down off that. And always, within an hour or two you feel you could do better. Even after Dean won the NCAA's he felt he could do better."

"That's the hook," says Dean. "But I have no fierce ambitions. I know I won't quit now, but I don't like the idea of it taking over my life. I asked Mac Wilkins once if he regretted putting all his effort into throwing for so many years—because it seems that to be the best you have to do that—and he said, 'You think that's bad?' And I said, 'Yes.' It's a tough question. Society says be the best if you can, but you can also say you're almost wasting the best years of your life on

this narrow pursuit that doesn't mean that much. It's like a game that got out of hand...."

Dean is doing better in the sanitation department. He has paid his girl friend, Kathy Vallion, who is a nursing student, to clean his apartment so that he can have some guests in. He introduces her as Binky. Brian brings his friend, Lisa Bayer, who is majoring in sign language interpretation. Dean calls her Ms. Livingstone Hamster. Brian and Lisa met in high school. "I thought he was the ugliest guy on the football team," she says. "I guess I felt sorry for him. I knew if I didn't, nobody else would." Her abuse is softened by the way she keeps hugging him.

The room is dense with furniture, but nowhere is there a sign of the mushrooms once said to grow out of the carpet. Another storied inhabitant now lives with a teammate: He's Sack, the African chickid. Dean tells the tale best: "He's indestructible. He killed all the other fish in my aquarium. I only fed him pork chops. He lived in a bucket for a while, and then I fed him to some big bass and bluegills, but he killed them, too. Just pecked them to death. Last year



Brian, here the liftee, could bench-press either brother.

in the apartment he lived in a cookie jar. We came home one night and found him on the floor, all dried and wrinkled. I could break off a piece of his tail. I was crushed, because I liked him by this time. I threw him in the aquarium and he sank, like a leaf. Then he started to expand and when he was back to full size he was alive! I just know he's being saved for something special."

The room is dominated by Dean's fly-tying table, his materials arranged as they might be if a couple of chickens had just exploded. He has tied flies since junior high—all the brothers are accomplished fishermen. In fact, Dean was tying flies when the greatest practical joke in family history took place.

"Weekends Dean did yard work for an old lady," says Brian. "This was when he



Dean (left) hosts video games for the trio of Binky, Ed and Ms. Livingstone Hamster.



was about 15. He'd been all scared about nuclear stuff for some reason, and about Idi Amin in Uganda. So while he was at work, Mitch and I wrote this script and recorded a radio bulletin and wired the tape recorder to his radio switch in his room.

"Dad drove me home," says Dean, "and on the way he made some reference to increasing tensions. . . ."

"So he got home and went up to his room and turned on the radio and started tying flies," says Brian. "And all he heard for 10 minutes was music that we'd recorded. . . ."

"Then," says Dean, "I heard, 'We interrupt this program for this urgent message: Idi Amin in Uganda has launched six warheads against key West Coast cities. We have retaliated but the missiles will reach the U.S. in 17 minutes. . . .'"

"Mitch had held a cup beside his mouth when he read it," says Brian, "and I'd sat next to him typing to make it sound real. . . ."

"And I came barreling out of my room," says Dean, "shouting that we had to clear out of there. We had to get to the shelter at city hall! We had to get canned food! Then I noticed Mitch with his head in the closet, shaking. And Mom wouldn't look up from the cake she was stirring. And I knew I'd been bad. Had like no other time. It was wonderful I was so mad."

The remarkable thing about this story, if you think about it, is that the Crouser parents took such an active part. In fact, the longer you know these young men, the more curious you become about their parents. A couple of weeks ago they sat in the rain watching Dean compete for Oregon in a dual meet against Oregon State.

Larry Crouser, age 48, at 6' 5", 233 pounds, might simply be an older brother, although his sons get their fair coloring and open smile from their mother, Marie, 46, who was born in Sweden. He's vice-president of a title insurance company and threw the javelin 220 feet in the Army. His children saw pictures of him doing this and wanted to throw, too. "Now, you wouldn't be serious," he told them. When they persisted, he set up a little weight program for them to follow to prove their sincerity. Ultimately he would build throwing circles in the back-

yard, and one day Marie came home to see a 20-foot high discus net—"an eyesore that stayed there four years" is how she describes it.

Dean wins the shotput with his first throw, 65' 8 1/2", and comes to sit with his folks. "Hi, Flammo," he says to Larry, "Hi, Ghidra," to Marie. His father pulls up Dean's sweat-shirt hood to keep off the rain. "How's your shoulder?" Dean asks.

"I'm starting over," says Larry. "Lifted 20 pounds yesterday."



Marie and Larry are Ghidra and Flammo to Dean.

Dean explains that his father lifts weights in the garage, but without spotting must limit himself to 225 pounds. "But when one of us is home, he goes for his PR. Over Easter with Mitch he went for 365 and tore his right pectoral and the attachments of the biceps and deltoid." He pulls the hood off his head.

Marie, asked if she regrets not having any daughters, says, after a thoughtful pause, "Brian was supposed to be my daughter." The doctors said so, and she'd painted a room lavender. "When I saw what he was, I quit."

Larry once more pulls Dean's hood up. Dean stands, takes it off again and goes to win the discus with 206' 1".

As soon as he has thrown, as in the weight room, the competitive tension leaves him. He and his parents talk of old fishing trips when their boat propeller fell off, leaving them adrift, or when Mitch caught a 200-pound sturgeon, or when Misty, the dog, heard someone in a passing boat say, "You want a bite of this?" and swam off into the night.

In Dean's telling, his father never had the fun the sons did. In Larry's telling, he casts himself as a kind of bumbling co-conspirator. "Remember when we were doing the muskrat hide tanning," he says, "and the boiling tannic acid exploded all over and ate its way through the linoleum. We thought we were being careful, but it even ate Mitch's socks."

We have left Mitch too much out of this account. He's over there in Idaho, but he's a true Crouser, the strongest of them all with a bench press of 515. His girl friend, Lisa Klapwyk, a geologist and ballet dancer, is his sometime coach. Yet we will leave it to him to capture the essence of how Larry Crouser raised such cheerfully eager sons.

"He was a positive influence without our even suspecting it," he says. "Here's an example. When Brian and Dean and I were little, we were stubborn about not eating stuff we didn't like. Weird spinach casseroles or something. One day Dad came home from work with a wooden case. He opened it up and showed us that it had three good solid spoons in it. Then he closed it. 'These are special, high-speed spoons,' he said. 'They are only for eating contests.' We're begging to use 'em, but he puts them away."

"After that, whenever dinner was something we hated, he made a big ritual out of taking out the case and giving us each a spoon and starting the stopwatch. Of course we were all so competitive, we'd race. We'd eat whatever it was in 20 seconds flat. And then he'd take the spoons and wash 'em and dry 'em and put them away with ceremony."

"And you know we never knew what he was doing. It was too exciting. I mean we only got to race about once a month."

"I was home recently and I saw a couple of those spoons in the back of the drawer. And I had all these feelings of nostalgia and regard for my dad, for how he could always make things fun." **END**



The good days were very, very good—and clear enough for Jeantot to shoot the sun—but the bad days were terrifying.

## Alone No Longer

After eight months of adventure, the solo circumnavigators in the BOC race have returned, led by Philippe Jeantot by SARAH PILEGGI

When Philippe Jeantot, a handsome young Frenchman with a drooping mustache, sailed out of an early morning fog and into the harbor at Newport on Monday, May 9, aboard *Credit Agricole*, he became the newest member of one of the world's most exclusive clubs, the fraternity of single-handed circumnavigators of the earth. The founding member was Joshua Slocum in 1898. Slocum was a 45-year-old Boston sailing master thrown out of work by the age of steam, and his vessel was a converted oyster boat called *Spray*. Slocum stopped in

dozens of ports along the way and finished in three years. Jeantot, formerly a professional deep-sea diver, was racing for a \$25,000 prize in the BOC Challenge around-the-world race. He sailed from Newport on Aug. 28, 1982, in a fleet of 16 boats (a 17th would depart 11 days later); he laid over in three designated ports en route—Cape Town, Sydney and Rio de Janeiro—and he finished after 159 days, 2 hours and 26 minutes of actual sailing, eclipsing the fastest previous time by almost 10 days. Another Frenchman, the late Alain Colas, had set that mark in

continued

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#### SOLO SAILING continued

a 60-foot trimaran named *Manureva* in 1973-74.

Jeantot, a 31-year-old bachelor from Quimper in Brittany, made up his mind to sail around the world when he was 15 while reading Bernard Montessier's *La Longue Route*, an account of a 1968 circumnavigation. Jeantot taught himself to sail in the waters near his home, but in order to make a living he became a professional driver, part of a team that made a world-record drive of 150 meters in 1977. But sailing remained his obsession. Between 1977 and '80 he made four transatlantic crossings on his own in a 42-foot steel-hulled vessel that a Newport observer called "a sea slug if there ever was one." But last August, as soon as the dockhands in Rhode Island got a look at his new *Credit Agricole*, an aluminum-hulled cutter named for his sponsor, one of France's largest banks, they knew he

was a sailor to be reckoned with. The boat was 36 feet long, the maximum length the rules allowed, and, at 22,000 pounds, light for its length. Long plumb light equals fast in a sailboat. Built into its hull was a ballast system that allowed Jeantot to pump 313 gallons—or 2,607 pounds—of seawater into tanks on either side as the need arose, the equivalent of having a crew of 15 large men on the rail when *Credit Agricole* was heeled over. Ranged around the rim of the cockpit were 11 winches, and on

the control panel at the interior steering station was all the sophisticated electronic equipment that's standard these days on ocean-going racers.

Perhaps most crucial to Jeantot's success, however, was a red fire bell wired to a computer, which in turn was connected to his automatic steering system. Jeantot could set his computer for a certain heading at a certain wind speed and then slide into his quarterberth for an hour's sleep, secure in the knowledge that should his boat's speed increase dramatically or the wind direction change sharply, an alarm loud enough to wake the ghost of Captain Ahab would call him on deck to reef a sail or alter his course.

Other racers, sailing without such gear, suffered dearly for its lack. For example, Desmond Hampton of England, one of the most experienced navigators in the BOC fleet, went below on *Gipsy Moth V* for an hour's nap off the coast of southeast Australia on Dec. 17. Exhaust-

ed from 24 hours of steering a course through the oil rigs in the Bass Strait, Hampton overslept, and his boat, a 56-foot ketch built in 1971 by the late Sir Francis Chichester, ran aground on the rocks of Gabo Island. *Gipsy Moth V* wedged itself in the rocks, and soon all that was salvageable of Chichester's last boat were its masts and lead keel.

Exhaustion, darkness and the Southern Ocean, an unbroken belt of eastward-rushing water that circles the bottom of the world, are the eternal adversaries of solo circumnavigators. Exhaustion causes errors in judgment and an inability to deal with sudden crisis. Darkness, especially when one is sailing in shipping lanes, near coastlines or amid icebergs, requires periods of wakefulness that in human beings are finite. And as for the Southern Ocean, which dominated the second and third legs of the race for a total of 14,700 miles, no amount of reading about what it has done to others, about its savage gales and its mountainous, unrelenting waves, can quite prepare a sailor or for its power.

"The waves can reach as high as 120 feet," says Robin Knox-Johnston, the chairman of the BOC event and the winner and sole finisher of the only previous around-the-world race ever held. "And much more dangerous, they can develop into flat vertical walls. They look rather like the shops on one side of London's Oxford Street coming toward you."

In such seas, 56 feet is a very small boat. Richard Broadhead, an Englishman who placed third in the BOC standings, recalls looking down from the crest of such a wave as his 52-foot *Perseverance* of Medina was about to begin its plunge into the trough far below and seeing a whale at the bottom. All Broadhead could do under the circumstances was close his eyes and, later, write in his log, "Very, very close."

In the absence of whales, the danger in planing down the face of a wave at 18 to 20 knots lies in the distinct possibility of pitching, stern over bowsprit, or being knocked down by a rogue wave that hits broadside. A sailboat will eventually right itself—though Paul Rodgers of England may have wondered whether this was really true when his *Spirit* of Pentax continued its upside-down surfing for 125 yards—but severe damage to the

continued

Konkoiski and wife Mikki will sail off to a new life



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mast, the rudder or the keel is likely.

During the third leg of the race, in the Pacific between Australia and South America, surrounded by dense fog, invisible icebergs and huge seas, *Credit Agricole* suffered a knockdown in the middle of the night. Its mast was underwater, its keel was in the air, and Jeantot, below at the time, was pelleted by his gear, which came flying out of the cabin's cupboards. Not till three days later, when the weather had moderated sufficiently, was Jeantot able to inspect the damage done to the rudder. He did so, incidentally, by donning his diving gear, securing himself to a safety harness and going overboard in 35' water.

Single-handers are a strange breed, even by sailing's tolerant standards. "There are no two even vaguely alike," says Peter Dunning, manager of the Goat Island Marina in Newport and the sailing director for the race. "They are millionaires and they are people who have mortgaged their whole lives to do this. A complete spectrum. But they have one thing in common. There's not a phony among them. They have all done something." The walls of Dunning's office are decorated with photos of single-handed heroes, among them, Colas, Chichester, who set out alone around the world on *Gipsy Moth IV* at the age of 64, and Phil Weld, the 68-year-old retired newspaper publisher from Connecticut who won the 1980 OSTAR (Observer Single-handed Transatlantic Race) from Plymouth, England to Newport. Some, like Bertie Reed, a South African naval warrant officer, were in Newport again for the BOC race. Others, like Colas, had since sailed out to sea and had never been heard from again.

"Two down, nine to go," said Pete Hegeman, the hurly commodore of the Goat Island Yacht Club, as Reed crossed the finish line on *Altech Voorreker* 24 hours behind Jeantot. Hegeman, as commodore of the boat club, was beginning to breathe easy for the first time in many months. "I was convinced we'd lose a few in this race," he said. "We've lost boats, but not a man."

All told, four of the 17 starters dropped out because of equipment failures, and three other boats were lost. The first of the three to go was Tony Lush's *Lady Pepperell* in November, during the leg between Cape Town and Sydney. His 54-foot ketch was knocked down and then rolled by a rogue wave. "It was sort

of a swan dive with a one-third twist," says Lush, sadly.

The next day Lush, who lives in Alachua, Fla., discovered that *Lady Pepperell*'s keel bolts had snapped and that the keel, now held to the hull by only a quarter of an inch of fiber-glass skin, was swaying in a 20-degree arc. When he was told by radio that Francis Stokes, from Moorestown, N.J., on *Moonshine*, was some 40 miles ahead of him and would have to and wait, Lush asked for an hour to think things over, even though he was taking on water at the rate of several gallons a minute. "I dearly wanted to keep the boat. But if somebody gets bumped off, it's bad for the racers, bad for their families and bad for the sponsors," he says.

Eight hours later, at sunset, Lush sighted *Moonshine*. After several attempts a line was passed between the two boats. Lush, who, astonishingly, cannot swim, went overboard and pulled himself along the line the 50 yards to Stokes. That night, after setting *Lady Pepperell* adrift, presumably to sink, the two men drank half a bottle of Scotch that Lush had carried across with him. Four weeks later, on Christmas Eve, they drank the other half, and on Jan. 5, they reached Sydney Harbor.

*Lady Pepperell* and *Gipsy Moth V* both were lost on the second leg. *Sikora III*, sailed by Jacques de Roux, a French submarine commander, sank during the Sydney-to-Rio leg.

The fact that de Roux is still alive and home safe in France is almost miraculous. He was pitched into a 55-knot gale amid 70-foot seas some 1,800 miles west of Cape Horn. His mast broke and so did the main hatch cover, so that while the boat was upside down, torrents of water filled the main cabin. By the time the boat righted itself de Roux was hip-deep in water. On top of that, when he tried to cut away the mast, it swung and punched a hole in his hull.

At that point, 11:40, Greenwich Mean Time, Feb. 9, de Roux pushed the emergency button of the Argos satellite tracking system transmitter affixed to his deck. In so doing, he set off a 60-hour search and rescue operation that eventu-

ally involved the French, Chilean and American navies, the Australian Coastal Survival Service, the U.S. Naval Numerical Oceanographic Center in Monterey, Calif., the office of Rhode Island Senator Claiborne Pell and ham radio operators in Portsmouth, R.I., Owaia, New Zealand and Durban, South Africa.

Argos is a French tracking system that uses American-made weather satellites, which orbit the earth every six hours.



*Gipsy Moth V* suffered a sad fate off Australia.

The satellites collect data, which are then passed to a processing center in Toulouse. De Roux's distress signal and his position were relayed from a passing satellite to Toulouse and from Toulouse by telephone to Newport. At 11:50 G.M.T. on Feb. 9, Dunning received the message at home in Newport and went straight to his Goat Island office, where he was met by Hegeman and Jim Roos, one of the men who dreamed up the race and found its sponsor, a manufacturer of industrial

continued



# PLAYERS

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De Roux was all smiles as he sailed from Newport; things turned grim off Cape Horn.

#### SOLO SAILING continued

gives and health care products based in Great Britain. With Dunning and Roos working the phones and the radio and Hegeman keeping a log, the team notified every government, military and diplomatic agency they thought might be able to help. At the same time the three men monitored weather and position reports that were relayed from Argos to Matthew Johnston, the New Zealand ham, through Allistair Campbell, the South African ham, through Rob Kozomkowski, the Portsmouth ham. Kozomkowski, a disabled Vietnam veteran who has never set foot in a sailboat, had volunteered to serve as radio contact for the BOC racers in the early weeks and had been devoting at least six hours a day to his task for five months.

At 22:30 G.M.T.—or 10 hours and 50 minutes after the first distress signal had been sent—word reached Goat Island from Kozomkowski that Johnston had contacted Broadhead on *Perseverance* of Medina. Broadhead was 317 miles ahead of de Roux, Johnston said, and was turning back to look for him.

In winds of 25 knots, and 15-foot seas, and as far from land as it is possible to be anywhere on earth, Broadhead set out to find, not a needle in a haystack, but a speck drifting on the world's largest body of water. He was guided by his own calculations and hourly reports relayed from Toulouse and Monterey through Dunning to Kozomkowski and then to Johnston. To make a 60-hour story short, at 19:39 G.M.T., Feb. 11, the log that Hegeman was keeping reads: "Recvd word Per sighted Skoern!"

Approximately four hours later Skoern sank. With no way to know whether anyone was looking for him—de Roux had lost the use of his radios in the dismasting—he had bailed two hours out of every three for close to three days to keep his boat afloat. He had also managed to jury-rig a sail, which as Skoern settled lower and lower in the water, became his only hope of being sighted.

The thought that continually plagued Broadhead, de Roux and everyone else involved in the ordeal was the possibility—even the probability—that Broadhead could be on top of de Roux and still not see him. In fact, that happened. Broadhead, certain that he was in the right place but still unable to see de Roux, went below to radio Johnston, to say he feared he might have sailed past Skoern. As Broadhead spoke he did pass de Roux, who, having spotted *Perseverance*, was shooting off parachute flares only 50 yards away and thinking God knows what desperate thoughts. When Broadhead climbed back on deck he saw something white on the horizon. In the first instant he took it to be an iceberg, but happily it was de Roux's jury-rigged sail. Broadhead took de Roux on board and then sailed off for the nearest land, French Polynesia.

"Finding him once was impossible. Finding him twice was a miracle," said Hegeman, patting his log fondly, many weeks later.

Of the four legs of the 27,500 nautical-mile BOC Challenge, the first and last were the easiest, if sailing alone for 7,100 and 5,300 miles, respectively, can ever be called easy. For the first leg, Newport to Cape Town, three routes were practicable. One was a sort of backward S to the roaring forties. Another was south and east to the northwest corner of Africa, and then south along the African coastline. The third was a risky but more direct line to the southeast. That was the route only Jeanot chose. He arrived in Cape Town after 47 days with a huge seven-day lead over the next boat, Reed's *Voorreiker*.

Although Jeanot never relinquished his lead after Cape Town, he was chased the entire way by Reed, who closed the gap to two days on the second and third legs and to one day on the last, though his



boat was outclassed. "She's the fastest and prettiest 50-footer," Reed said of *Voortrekker*, "but she's also the most uncomfortable. You can't make a racing machine into something comfy, so you live with it."

Reed is known and admired in South Africa for his toughness. He's a hero there, both because his countrymen, who often feel cut off from the world's approval, take their nation's sporting triumphs seriously and because Reed himself is so clearly a likable fellow. Even in the midst of disappointment and physical exhaustion as he arrived in Newport, his good nature surfaced quickly. When the boat that sowed him from the finish line to the dock at Goat Island Marina parked him just ahead of Jeantot's *Credit Agricole*, Reed said, "I'm very honored you're putting me here. It's the only time he's been on my stern."

Reed earned his reputation for toughness in the 1980 OSTAR when, with 2,000 miles to go, he came down off a wave onto something hard, which stove in his hull on the port side. Using his bosun's chair as a patch, and his sprinker pole as a brace, Reed sailed on, pumping all the while, and finished 18th out of 19. "He's made of epoxy and push," said an admirer in Newport.

Richard Konkolski, a 39-year-old Czech, was the third to reach Newport (finishing seventh in the standings), three days behind Reed. Konkolski's odyssey had begun approximately two years earlier when he began moving his worldly goods, auto trunkload by trunkload, across the Czech border from his home in Bohumin to the port of Szczecin, Poland, where he was allowed to keep his



Koziomkowski was an important link in a radio chain that stretched around the world.

boat, *Nike III*. Konkolski enjoyed the rare privilege, for a Czech, of unhampered travel because he, too, was a national sports hero, a veteran of 51,500 miles of single-handed sailing, including one previous circumnavigation. Konkolski feared the Czech authorities might suddenly decide to rescind his permission to sail in the BOC race. Come that day, he and his family would be ready.

The day came one week before his scheduled departure for Newport. His travel permit was lifted, but by that time the guards at the Polish border were so accustomed to his comings and goings that they waved him through with only a glance at the still valid papers of his wife and 12-year-old son. The Konkolskis have asked for political asylum, which now is under consideration by the State Department.

The French, too, take their single-handed sailing very seriously. When Jeantot crossed the finish line in Newport an army of French television and news people was on hand to meet him. Hardly had he showered before the *Credit Agricole* p.r. people, who kept the non-French press at bay with the expert application of sharp French elbows, had whipped Jeantot off to New York for appearances on *The CBS Morning News* and *Nightline*.

Thus, the winner missed both the barbecue that the Goat Island Yacht Club held in his honor and the arrival of Reed

the next day, but nobody minded much. The Goat Islanders have come to understand that single-handers dance to their own special music. Bernard Moitessier, the French sailor who inspired the 15-year-old Jeantot's obsession with sailing around the world, was a contestant in the 1968 race that was won by Knox-Johnston. Moitessier reached Cape Horn in that race, but instead of turning north for England and the finish, he kept going, half way around again, winding up his 10-month voyage in Tahiti. In *La Langue Roue*, he wrote, "God, how good it is to live like an animal, to be caressed by a tepid and soft wind! How good it is to contemplate the Southern Cross, each night a little nearer the horizon. To sleep like a drunkard, to fill your stomach and belch with pleasure, to spread out in the sun till you are almost stupefied. . . I am at peace."

Moitessier's perceptions were those of a poet. Chuchester was a simpler man, but probably he spoke for all single-handed voyagers when he wrote, in 1967, "This sort of venture that I am now on is a way of life for me. I am a poor thing, incomplete, unfulfilled without it."

Soon after his arrival, when someone asked Jeantot if he had any wishes for the others still at sea, he said, "I hope they get good wind." Then he added, "You know, when you go ashore and you take a shower and all the water comes down, you think of your friends, washing just their faces with a little bit of water, and you wish them to have the same things you have right now—a good steak, a good bed, a good shower."

The hero: Broadhead at first thought he'd sighted an iceberg, but it was *de Roux*.



**A**t first glance, there is no reason to suspect that Brigham Young might be a baseball power. It sits at the foot of Utah's Wasatch Mountains, and students care more about ski runs than home runs. But first impressions, like good fastballs, are deceptive, which makes it appropriate that the Cougars have two improbable stars who have a share in the team record for police arrests at one each. Led by senior Pitcher Scott Nielsen from Tacoma, Wash., and junior First Baseman Wally Joyner of Decatur, Ga., the Cougars were ranked No. 2 nationally as they entered this week's NCAA regional competition. BYU, which is 54-9 overall, believes it can break the Sun Belt stranglehold of 16 straight titles at the College World Series.

BYU Coach Gary Pullins wanted to cut Nielsen two years ago. And Pullins was disappointed when he first met Joyner. But the pair, unwanted and unsatisfactory, led the Cougars this spring to their 17th straight WAC Northern Division title. And last week BYU won the WAC tournament, defeating Southern Division champion San Diego State, the nation's No. 3 team, two out of three times.



by Bruce Anderson

helped Nielsen develop a slider. "We didn't remake him," Noel says. "We just made a few adjustments."

Pullins hasn't fooled with Joyner, though the coach has been fooled by him. When Joyner arrived at BYU from Georgia, where he had been the MVP of the state's biggest high school all-star game, he toured the Provo campus with his parents and his brother Brent. They ran into Pullins, who had agreed to take Joyner sight unseen, and began introducing themselves. Says Joyner, "Coach Pullins reached out to shake hands with my brother. He's a year older than I am and considerably bigger. Coach said, 'You must be Wally. I'm glad to meet you.' His face just dropped when my brother pointed to me and said, 'That's Wally.'"

## Brigham young, Brigham old

Wally Joyner (below), 20, and Scott Nielsen, 25, make an arresting pair



Nielsen, no relation to former BYU Quarterback Gifford Nielsen, has set an NCAA record with 26 consecutive wins. He hasn't lost since 1977, and this year he's 14-0, with nine complete games in 15 starts and a 3.64 ERA. Joyner leads the WAC in batting with a .463 average, homers (22), doubles (32), and RBIs (92), sparking the nation's most productive offense (10.4 runs a game).

In November 1980, Nielsen returned to Provo from a two-year Mormon mission in Argentina. He was redshirted the following spring, then took part in fall practice. "It didn't look to me like Scott was into it," Pullins says. But what the coach may have taken for indifference was a more mature perspective. His accounting studies had become as important to Nielsen as baseball.

Pitching Coach Bob Noel interceded. He changed Pullins' mind and then changed Nielsen's fastball from an overhand to three-quarter delivery. Noel also

"This was the Wally Joyner we had given a full scholarship to?" Pullins recalls. "He looked like a bowling pin." Wally was six feet, 160 pounds and had thin shoulders and a big hit.

Though weightlifting and just plain growing up have added 25 pounds and an inch to Joyner's physique, his appearance still isn't striking. However, his stats are. Last year he hit .445, 13th-best in the nation, and led the U.S. team with a .456 average in the World Championship games in Korea. "He's the best pure hitter I've seen since Anzola's Terry Francona came through," says Lou Pavlovich, managing editor of *College Baseball*.

According to Pavlovich, Texas is favored to continue the Sun Belt's NCAA domination, with BYU the consensus second choice. Nielsen, for one, disagrees. "One thing this team has is confidence in itself," he says. "We believe we can play Texas and spank them all over the field."

(continued)

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Nobody has spanked Nielsen since his freshman year, when he was 1-2. As a sophomore, he won his only decision during an injury-plagued season, then decided that even if his baseball career wasn't going anywhere, he was. He left on the mission to Argentina.

"When you go to a foreign country by yourself, work with other people, teach them, get to know their language, their culture, you gain a great deal of confidence," he says.

He needed it. An Argentine with whom Nielsen had been discussing the Mormon faith started fighting with a drunk who had insulted his wife. Nielsen tried to intercede. The police arrived and tossed everyone in jail. "They threw us into a retaining cell for an hour and a half," Nielsen says. "Then they let us out, questioned us about what had happened and threw us back in, but my friend and I were released half an hour later."

Joyner's brush with the law came in his freshman year. He is well-mannered and soft-spoken, with a whisper of his native Georgia in his voice. Like Nielsen, he is married and is a Mormon. But, again, don't be fooled by first impressions. "He's not quiet and reserved by any means," says Pullins.

One night in Provo, Joyner and a teammate were arrested, fingerprinted and photographed for launching fire-works at each other. "It was like we had just robbed a bank," he says. "It must have been a slow Friday night."

Though BYU rosters list his age variously as 22 or 23, Nielsen is 25. Teammates call him Grandpappy, but his relationship with the other Cougars is actually part older brother, part father confessor.

Joyner, 20, was born with orange skin, the result of an Rh factor that required him to have two complete blood transfusions in his first 24 hours. At nine, he contracted a kidney disease that caused him to retain fluid. He gained 15 pounds overnight, and his parents took him to the hospital. Had they waited a day longer, physicians said, he would have died of heart failure.

Years later Atlanta Braves outfielder Dale Murphy, who had met Pullins during an off-season semester of study at BYU, tipped him off about Joyner. Now, he is one of two big reasons why the Cougars could take the championship at the College World Series in Omaha June 3-12. And that's no snow job.

## INSIDE PITCH

by HERM WEISKOPF

Cincinnati players feel management has been playing footsie with them over the years by forcing them to wear black spiked shoes. The Reds say this deprives them of lucrative endorsement contracts from shoe manufacturers while causing some to shell out hundreds of dollars each season for spikes. And besides, black shoes are boring.

Recently, management offered a compromise: The players could replace their black shoes with a red-with-white-stripe

"I know I'm old, fat and ugly, but I'm still Ted Williams," said the Red Sox Hall of Famer after a security guard failed to recognize old No. 9 at a Boston benefit for Tony Compharo.

Pony model and pocket a \$600 fee. The Reds unanimously rejected that, feeling they could earn a lot more money by making their own deals.

"The Reds have been consistent over the years in wanting to have the players' uniforms all look the same," says Woody Woodward, the assistant general manager. Pitcher Frank Pastore, the Cincy player representative, says the players will take their grievance to arbitration on June 6.

Pittsburgh's 6' 5", 230-pound Dave Parker, hitting .208 at the end of last week, is hoping that a difference of three ounces will help him hit a ton. "In the past, I could overcome things because I was younger and stronger," said Parker, 31, as he explained why he has switched to a bat that's three ounces lighter. "But you get older. Your reflexes are not as quick as they used to be."

TAKE THAT: "He's a lousy umpire," Baltimore Manager Joe Altobelli says of 288-pound Ken Kaiser, a former pro wrestler. "I wish he'd stayed with wrestling and kept that sport messed up instead of baseball." . . . AND THAT: "He has no idea where the strike zone is," says California's Rod Carew of Umpire Greg Kosco. . . . AND THAT: St. Louis Manager Whitey Herzog has these kind words for umpires Ed Montague and

Lanny Harris: "Montague is very incompetent and the other guy is, too." . . . BUT ON THE OTHER HAND: American League Ump Dave Phillips well remembers the run-ins he had when San Diego's Dick Williams managed Boston and Oakland. "One of the highlights of my career," says Phillips, "was when Williams signed a long-term contract in the National League."

Milwaukee Catcher Ted Simmons arose early last Wednesday to take his sister to the airport for a 7 a.m. flight. When he returned to his apartment, he read the paper and snuggled back under the covers, unaware that the Brewers were to play Toronto at 1:30 p.m. rather than at 7:30, as they had the last two days.

With game time approaching and Simmons missing, Equipment Manager Bob Sullivan tried to call him. But Simmons hasn't had time to get a phone. Desperate, Sullivan phoned the apartment manager, who wrote out a note for Simmons to call Sully, slipped it under the catcher's door and knocked.

Simmons got up, saw the note and went to a pay phone in the lobby to call Sullivan. After getting the message, he splashed water on his face, dressed and sped to the park, where he went 4 for 4 and drove in six runs in a 7-6 win.

For Met Relief Pitcher Neil Allen, the first six weeks of the season were a nightmare. Instead of saving games, he blew them. The more boos he heard, the more booze he drank. He became involved in a barroom scrap, was fined for missing curfew and even made up an excuse so he wouldn't have to show up for one game. He finally admitted to his drinking problem and sought help.

But what to do about his problems on the mound? When starters go awry, they often are sent to the bullpen to seek a cure. Where, though, does a struggling

## CLOSE CALL

"Time to get ready for surgery," said an orderly at Northwestern Memorial Hospital in Chicago as he awakened Cub Revere Lee Smith at 6 a.m. Not about to undergo the unkindest cut of all, Smith exclaimed, "I'm just here because of back spasms." It seems that the not-so-orderly orderly had sagged onto the wrong Smith, three of whom were staying on the same floor.

reliever go? Into the starting rotation, reasoned Manager George Bamberger.

Allen had saved 69 games in 208 consecutive relief appearances since 1979 and was 0-4 in his five previous starts. But he went five innings in his first start two weeks ago, allowing two runs, and won 6-2 in Pittsburgh. Last Friday night, in his second start, Allen pitched his first complete game ever as he throttled the Dodgers 4-0 on six singles.

"I started him because he had to get a feel for pitching again," Bamberger explained. "He was missing so much with his curve that hitters sat back for his fast-

#### REGGIEVISION

*California's Reggie Jackson may be hitting 207 these days, but his ego is still 1,000. In Boston recently he got into an argument with Red Sox Catcher Jeff Newman and Pitcher Bruce Hurst over some ball and strike calls. "Jeff Newman ought to be paying three dollars just to watch me hit," said Jackson later. Of Hurst, Jackson said, "He should be glad he'll be able to tell his grandchildren he once pitched to Reggie Jackson."*

ball. There's no answer for why he's pitching so well as a starter. I'll start him again, but I want Allen in the bullpen because I want a strong bullpen."

His name is Matt Young, but his Seattle teammates call him Cy. For good reason, apparently. The 24-year-old rookie southpaw stopped the Angels 1-0 last week on four hits, the first time in 134 games they had been shut out. That improved his record to 5-3 and his ERA to 2.26. Young has held left-handers to .119 hitting (5 for 42).

It's unusual for a manager to publicly criticize players by name, but that's what Cleveland Manager Mike Ferraro did Chris Bando, Ron Hassey and Jim Essian:

"Bando could be the regular, but he has six passed balls in [17] games. I know he had only two last season, but I can only go on what I see. He has some talent, and I like his release on throws. Chris has to be more aggressive behind the plate. Hassey has a lot of ability, but he's complacent. It's his makeup. He doesn't look like he is eager to do anything. When he isn't in the lineup for three or four days, he doesn't come to the ball

park for early hitting. With all the money there is in this game, you would think he would want to go after it. If we were a team that scored a lot of runs, Essian would be my everyday catcher. He calls the best game and is the best handler of pitchers. But right now I have to go with the hottest bat. Right now, that's between Hassey and Bando."

After going 0 for 9 and striking out seven times, San Diego Catcher Terry Kennedy took extra BP and made this rather remarkable discovery: "I hadn't been looking at the ball." ... Remember Mike Caldwell's lucky cap, the one he wore in two World Series triumphs last season? When the hat lost for the second straight time recently, Caldwell tossed it to the fans behind the Milwaukee dugout. ... Through Sunday, Detroit batters had hit 25 home runs this season, good for 31 runs. Detroit pitchers had allowed 44 homers, good for 87 runs.

His 5-2 record and 2.62 ERA don't reflect it, but Padre Pitcher Eric Show is in pain. The muscles behind his right rib cage "hurt if I try to throw my best fastball or slider," Show says. "I've tried to look at it positively, because it has made me concentrate on spotting the ball and changing speeds." Nonetheless, Show fears that he may have to go on the disabled list.

By rights (or wrongs), the Milwaukee bullpen should be a disaster area. Just when Rollie Fingers seemed ready to return, the tendinitis in his right elbow flared during an exhibition game last

#### BALL PARK FIGURES

Only 52 players have stolen 300 bases in their careers, led by Lou Brock's 938. Nine are active, including Joe Morgan (sixth alltime), Bert Campaneris (seventh) and Willie Wilson (he stole No. 300 on May 1). Here are the active leaders:

	1983 CAREER
1. Joe Morgan, Phils	2 665
2. Bert Campaneris, Yanks	1 644
3. Cesar Cedeño, Reds	4 507
4. Davey Lopes, A's	4 450
5. Omar Moreno, Astros	14 426
6. Rod Carew, Angels	0 338
7. Amos Otis, Royals	1 337
8. Rickey Henderson, A's	12 331
9. Willie Wilson, Royals	16 303

#### PLAYER OF THE WEEK



**DAN FORD:** In 1982, the Baltimore right-fielder hit .235 and was accused of drug abuse, an allegation he denies. The 1983 model Ford had a .342 average through Sunday, and last week he homered in three straight contests and had three game-winning hits.

Ford's four-bagger to right with one out in the eighth was Baltimore's lone hit off Chicago's Rich Denson, who lost 1-0. On Thursday Ford slugged a two-run homer to left in the eighth to beat Toronto 2-1.

To forget his problems last year, Ford spent many nights on Chesapeake Bay aboard his 21-foot cruiser *Callie Mae*. "I'd drop anchor, turn on the music and try to find peace with myself," Ford says. "I'd never been booed. Tears came because it hurt so bad."

His recent success may be the result of a new stance. "I'm not turned as much," says Ford, a righthanded batter whose left shoulder used to be pointed almost at first base. "I'm squared off more and I'm seeing the ball better. I'm also trying to lift myself for games, psyching myself."

week against Vancouver. Also, Pete Ladd, who pitched well late last season, was farmed out. But with Tom Tellmann around, who needs 'em? Through last Sunday, the 29-year-old rookie right-hander was 3-0 with two saves and a 1.52 ERA for 23<sup>1</sup>/<sub>3</sub> innings.

This is the same Tom Tellmann who would have accepted a job on Guam as a sales rep if the Brewers had not picked him up last October in a trade with San Diego. "I would have been paid between \$30,000 and \$40,000, which is more than I'd ever made in baseball," says Tellmann. Now he's getting the major league minimum of \$35,000—and he's worth every penny.

END



## A Breakthrough In Labor Relations Has Vehicles Made

Newsweek called it, "...a revolutionary agreement..." The Washington Post observed, "...a profoundly hopeful sign for both the automobile industry and its employees... a good sign for the American economy as well." The Detroit Free Press said, "...a whole new style and approach to Ford's dealing with employees..."


These and lots of other respected publications were referring to an historic labor agreement, two years in the making, that was signed on March 1, 1982, by Ford Motor Company and

the United Auto Workers. It was an enlightened commitment to the future, and to each other, ushering in a new era of cooperation, quality workmanship and mutual respect.

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the assembly process, by listening to their suggestions and utilizing those suggestions, we've been able to develop new and more efficient methods of assembly, providing greater productivity, at a lower cost. By working together during the last two years, like never before, we at Ford Motor Company have achieved the highest quality rating of any major American car or truck maker. (Based on a Ford Motor Company survey of nearly 11,000 Ford and compet-

itive 1982 new vehicle owners measuring things gone wrong after three months of ownership.)

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Take a close look at the quality of our vehicles. Visit a Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer and judge for yourself. After you do, you'll understand that at Ford Motor Company quality isn't just an abstract idea. It's something very, very real.



## There's A Ford In America's Future.



by Robert F. Jones

**M**ike Mosley is the consummate Indy-car professional. The 15-year Speedway veteran had been wheeling his yellow Kraco Car Stereo Special around the track as fast as anyone, and usually faster. Even when monsoonal rains washed out the entire first weekend of qualifying for the 500, Mosley kept his cool. Then during practice last Saturday morning, minutes before qualifying began, he got what he'd come for—one lap at 206.396 miles an hour, the fastest of the year so far, and only a tick behind last year's alltime single lap record of 207.612, set by his archrival Rick Mears. He could scarcely repress the grin that kept forming under his blond gunflighter's mustache as he parked the car and waited for his turn to run.

What he did then did not disappoint him. Four steady, swift laps gave him an average of 205.372—a time that looked certain to give him his first Indy pole position, replete with all its attendant prestige and some \$17,500 in hard cash. All he had to do now was wait. Out came Mears in his Pennzoil Penske PC-11, and when his first lap fell short of 205, Mosley's grin threatened to erupt all over again. Mears finally averaged 204.301, more than a mile an hour short. Three-time winner Al Unser, Mears's teammate, proved no threat in his Hertz Penske, and Tom Sneva's Texaco Star was also too slow. Word filtered down that the cars of A.J. Foyt, Don Whittington and Kevin Cogan—all of them fast—had been taken out of the qualifying line for technical violations.



## Big little surprise

*Tiny rookie Teo Fabi won Indy's pole by demolishing a few marks*

Then out came Nemesis, a sleek green-and-white car named the Skool Bandit. Mosley stood with his back to the track, only his eyes registering concern as he listened to the Bandit's ripping growl. Then the announcement: 207.273. Followed less than a minute later by numbers no one had expected to hear this year: 208.049, a new single-lap record in

Fabi pushed his March-Cosworth 10 one-lap (208.049) and four-lap (207.395) records.

a season when everyone was supposed to go slower. Teo Fabi had won the pole.

Mosley shook his head and grinned, but now it was wry, amused and infinitely painful. Who—or what—is a Teo Fabi?

To start with, he's a rookie—the first of that breed to win the Indy pole since the otherwise immemorable Walt Faulkner did it in 1950. Fabi's record four-lap average was 207.395—more than 73 mph faster than Faulkner had gone.

In addition (and more galling to dyed-in-the-wool Indy fans), Fabi is a Grand Prix driver manqué, a 28-year-old Milanese aeronautical engineer who retired from downhill ski racing nine years ago to take up driving but who couldn't even get a decent ride this year on the Formula 1 circuit. As Fabi shyly admits, when he first saw the Indianapolis Motor Speedway this March, he decided, "This place is not for me. The cars, they were going much too fast."

Well, he got over it—in fact, he had been around Indy in an attention-getting 203 before last Saturday.

One of the ironies of Fabi's ride for the pole was that until last December, three-time Indy winner Johnny Rutherford had been expected to drive the new March-Cosworth for the Forsythe brothers John and Gerry, heavy-equipment dealers from Wheeling, Ill. But then a drive opened up on the always competitive Patrick Racing Team, and Rutherford decided to take that. The Forsythes were loudly irate, even after they had signed Fabi for the ride.

Rutherford's decision was a loser. He

*continued*



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not only failed to get the new Patrick Wildcat running fast during practice, he could scarcely keep it on the track. A crash early on in May punched a hole in his left leg, not to mention badly bruising his ego. Then last Wednesday in practice, he lost control in Turn 3, smacked the wall hard and was out of the race for good with a broken left foot and right ankle. Imperious Gordon Johncock, Rutherford's teammate and last year's Indy winner, managed his own Wildcat somewhat more handily, averaging 199.748 to qualify in 10th place, on the fourth row.

Cars were hitting the wall all month at a near-record clip. There were 20 "incidents" all told, 16 of them involving contact with the Speedway's unyielding walls. At speeds approaching 200 mph, the crashes popped leg bones like matchsticks, claiming drivers as disparate as 52-year-old veteran Bob Harkey (busted arm, cracked ribs, bruised lungs and two fractured neck vertebrae) and 23-year-old rookie John Paul Jr. (whose left ankle required a bone graft to repair). The rash of accidents came despite a U.S. Auto Club rule change ironically aimed at slowing the cars down.

Race cars today, from endurance racers to Indy-type roundy-rounders, depend to some extent on ground effects to keep the machines on the track through high-speed corners. The bottoms of the cars are sculpted like inverted airplane wings to generate downforce. Up to this season, that suction had been enhanced by the addition of skirts flanking the undersides and keeping the flow of air relatively smooth and unbroken. This year's rule significantly shortened the skirts. In addition, the cars' rear wings were moved forward seven inches to further reduce downforce.

At first it seemed to work. Early lap speeds were off by more than five miles an hour. But then the smarter mechanics began trimming their cars more carefully. Often the adjustments of wing angle, tire balance and suspension came down to thousandths of an inch—the difference between zoom and doom. Mario Andretti for one, driving a Cosworth-powered Lola, never quite found it. "This Lola is just a gal that we don't really understand yet," he quipped wryly after qualifying just behind Johncock at 199.404. Whatever Lola wanted, she didn't get it.

Another Indy vet who failed to find

his balance was Al Unser. Once the baby of the racing Unser family, Al has added Sr. to his name now that his 21-year-old son, Al Jr., who resembles a turbo-charged Huck Finn, is racing at Indy. Indeed, Junior beat out Senior on the start-



Mosley (above) and Mears won spots in the front row with Fabi for the 500 start.



ing grid—with a speed of 202.146, sixth fastest of the day, to his dad's 201.954—thus putting together the first-ever father-son combo in Speedway history.

Foyt, Indy's only four-time champ, qualifying for a record 26th time at the Speedway, never had a shot at the pole. Foyt had been preoccupied all month:

His father, Tony, was gravely ill in Houston with lung cancer—he would die Saturday night—and A.J., an intense family man, could not devote his full attention to the business of speed. Then he and 14 others were yanked out of the qualifying lineup when their side skirts proved too long—a scant sixteenth of an inch in the case of A.J.'s Valvoline-Gilmore machine. He ended up toward the back of the pack with a 199.557 clocking, on the same row as Cogan, the man who had ruined the start last year by veering into Foyt and thus initiating an accident that took four cars out of the race. Cogan qualified at 201.528. Just ahead of them was tough Danny Ongais, who ran a 202.320 average—clear danger for the leaders come race day.

But the qualifying glory belonged to the 5' 4", 140-pound Signor Fabi. Wearing the bewildered look of a man just named outstanding graduate of a barbers college, he did not know what to make of all the hullabaloo. "It's fantastic," he said mildly, "and it's very easy to drive like this." You could hear the gnashing of Indy Establishment teeth clear down to Terre Haute. "I like very much to be in pole, and I hope to start in pole for the race. It's much more important to be in pole for the race than win the race."

The "Terror of the Tracks," as his press releases dub him, started Alpine skiing at six, and though he won a spot on the Italian B team as a teen-ager, he was too short to be a champion, so he switched to go-karts, in which he excelled. In 1978 he was offered a Formula 1 ride as James Hunt's sidekick. But Fabi was working for his aeronautical engineering degree at the University of Milan and said, "Grazie, grazie, no grazie."

However, the young bachelor never really got away from driving, and soon he was racking up wins in F-3 and F-2 cars—the traditional route to the top in European racing. Two years ago he was very quick in a Lola with Paul Newman's Can-Am team here. His Formula 1 career was less spectacular, his best finish being a 10th at San Marino last year, when he also teamed with Riccardo Patrese and Michele Alboreto to capture the 1,000-kilometer sports car endurance at the Nürburgring. Fabi's transition to bigger, truly powerful cars is now complete. It is a rite of passage that many young drivers fail for lack of bravado, but the Bandit, as he quickly became known in Hoosierland, was ready for Indy.

END

## There's no place like home

by William Leggett

Maryland-bred Deputed Testamony won a highly medicated Preakness

**A**t 11:30 last Saturday morning, two horses were loaded onto a van at trainer J. William Boniface's Bonita Farm in Bel Air, Md. for the 30-mile drive to the Pimlico racetrack in Baltimore. Deputed Testamony, a misspelled Maryland bred who'd finished sixth in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, beaten 15 lengths, and Parfaitement, who was 16th in the Kentucky Derby, arrived at the Preakness Stakes barn at 12:30. A few hours later, Deputed Testamony went out onto the track and showed the crowd of 71,768 what clean living can do, winning the 108th running of the Preakness by 2½ lengths. Parfaitement finished eighth, just about where he should have, given his dislike of muddy tracks.

Perhaps Deputed Testamony, a 14-1 shot, was able to score his impressive win because he had spent the days before the race quietly eating oats, hay and water at peaceful Bonita Farm, in marked contrast to the chaos and controversy taking place 30 miles away. The 1983 Preakness almost got lost in a muddle of veterinarians, lawyers, judges, racing commissions, stewards, one ex-President and fungi.

First the fungi: About two weeks before the race, Sunny's Halo, the Kentucky Derby winner, broke out in a rash on his neck and chest. Trainer David Cross Jr. was worried it would spread to the girth area and force the colt's withdrawal. The rash, diagnosed as ringworm, was better one day, worse the next. The colt was treated with an antibiotic and eventually declared fit to run.

Not so easily settled was the question of which Preakness entry could, and which couldn't, use Lasix, a controversial medication that acts as a diuretic and is used to minimize bleeding from the lungs. Regulations for the use of such medication vary from state to state. Maryland racing rules permit its use only for horses that a state veterinarian has observed bleeding from the nostrils after a race or a workout. In Kentucky and California any horse can run on Lasix, and all that is required is a certificate

from any licensed veterinarian that a post-race examination has produced evidence of bleeding. When California trainers Jerry Fanning and Wayne Lukas arrived in Baltimore with their horses, Desert Wine and Marfa, both of whom had used Lasix before the Kentucky Derby, they were shocked to learn that their colts could not be so treated before the Preakness because they had not been observed to bleed by a Maryland vet. The Desert Wine people objected, but the rule was upheld by the stewards at Pimlico and by the Maryland Racing Commission. Time for the lawyers, the courtroom, the judge. Barely 24 hours before post time, Circuit Court Judge Robert Hammerman of Baltimore overruled the decision, saying the Maryland Lasix rule was "arbitrary, capricious and unreasonable." (The judge then announced he was attending the Johns Hopkins-North Carolina lacrosse game, not the Preakness.)

On Wednesday before the race, Marfa, the pre-race favorite for the Derby, developed a quarter crack on the inside of his

left front hoof. On Thursday Marfa's blacksmith was flown in from California to apply an acrylic patch to the hoof. As a result of all this, writers began to call the race the "Drugstore Preakness" or the "Prescription Preakness."

On a lighter note, there was also the hoopla surrounding Flag Admiral, a long shot noted not for his racing record but for one of his owners. The colt, a Maryland-rule Lasix horse, by the way, is owned by Tom Gentry of Lexington, Ky. and Jimmy Carter of Plains, Ga.

After all the distractions, it was a small miracle that they finally got down to racing on Saturday, on Pimlico's sloppy track. The start probably hurt Sunny's Halo more than his rash. In the gate, in post position 11, the Derby winner seemed to be leaning, and as he came away, Common Sense, in Post 10, appeared to move out a bit and bump Sunny's Halo on the ramp, knocking him off stride. That forced jockey Eddie Delahoussaye to rush Sunny's Halo up toward the leaders, so that as the field spun into the first turn, he had already lost a lot of ground. Sunny's Halo, however, is a game horse, and he chased after the lead-



er, Desert Wine, before retreating as the field moved toward the top of the stretch. "I think that being knocked sideways could have hurt my horse's confidence." Cross allowed later. Sunny's Halo finished a disappointing sixth.

Deputed Testamony, by contrast, was enjoying a perfect trip. He broke from Post 3, and his 19-year-old jockey, Don Miller Jr., the nation's top apprentice in 1981, kept him on the rail, hoping for a hole to open up or for the leaders to come back to him. It did and they did. At the head of the stretch, skimming along the rail, Miller sent Deputed Testamony after Desert Wine. Once Miller had pushed

Deputed Testamony's head to the lead, he kept about his business and won by 2½ lengths over Desert Wine, who, Lasix and all, finished four lengths up on High Honors. Marfa, another Lasix starter, was fourth. Jimmy Carter's Flag Admiral, by the way, came in 10th.

Miller, a Maryland native, had ridden Deputed Testamony twice before, winning an allowance race last fall at Laurel on a disqualification, then losing the Maryland Juvenile Championship by a nose in late November. Miller was replaced by Herb McCauley for Deputed Testamony's next race, the Play Palace Stakes at the Meadowlands, which he won by four lengths. A week before the Preakness, McCauley had ridden Deputed Testamony in the one mile, 70-yard Keystone Stakes at Keystone, and the colt had won by 4½ lengths. But McCauley chose to ride Parfaitement in the Preakness. Trainer Boniface offered Deputed Testamony to Laffit Pincay Jr. before giving the reins back to Miller.

"I thought at the end of last year," Boniface said after the Preakness, "that we had two horses that could run in the classic races: Parfaitement and Deputed Testamony. But I didn't want to rush either horse into competition too early this year. Deputed Testamony had enough money [\$130,534] to start in the Derby, but he ran so badly in the Blue Grass Stakes that we sent him back to our farm

in Maryland. He just seemed to hate it in Kentucky, and wouldn't turn [eat] an oat. It was a virus, I guess. Maybe he was homesick."

Boniface is the son of Bill Boniface Sr., who retired last year after 40 years as racing editor of the *Baltimore Sun*, and together they are half-owners of Deputed Testamony. Young Boniface is a trainer who insists that horses should not race on such medication as Lasix or Butazolidin. Therefore, he was furious when, on Friday afternoon, he heard on his car radio that Desert Wine and Marfa would be allowed to run in the race on Lasix. But Boniface had the last word: "The California boys may have won in court," he said after the race, "but we won today."

The half of Deputed Testamony that doesn't belong to the Bonifaces is the property of Boston's Francis P. Sears, a senior vice-president of the Paine Webber brokerage house. In 1970 Sears bought the dam of Deputed Testamony, Proof Requested, for \$5,700. In 1979 he bred her to the Boniface's stallion, Traffic Cop, who stands for a mere \$1,000 a service. That \$6,700 investment turned into potential millions last Saturday when Deputed Testamony became the first Maryland bred to win the Preakness since 1972. The colt is certain to be worth plenty because, although he once ran for a \$22,500 claiming tag, he has now won seven of 12 starts and has been out of the money just twice.

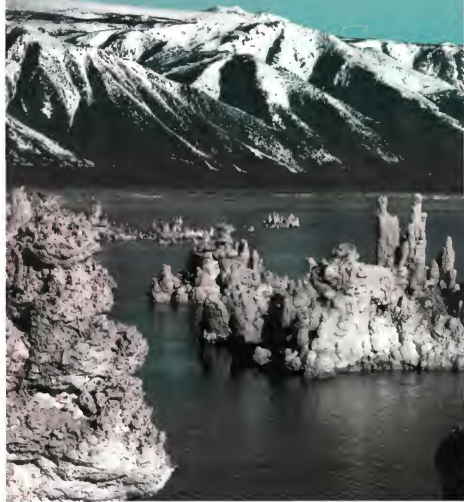
Deputed Testamony is the only horse Sears currently has in training. First place in the Preakness was worth \$251,200, which will undoubtedly encourage Sears to invest in additional horses for Boniface to train.

In three weeks Deputed Testamony may again take that van from Bonita Farm, this time for a four-hour trip to New York's Belmont Park, site of the Belmont Stakes. Sunny's Halo will probably head for the \$175,000 Queen's Plate, Canada's most important race, at Woodbine. Desert Wine and Marfa will return to California. The Belmont, by the way, permits neither Lasix nor Butazolidin. New York is an "oots, hay and water" state. For Deputed Testamony, that's just what the doctor ordered. **END**



A bumpy start slowed Sunny's Halo (left, in shadow roll), but Deputed Testamony (right) and Miller shot through the slop.

*There are two views on Mono Lake: It's a sacrosanct, if weird, natural treasure, or it's*



*Just another watering hole for Los Angeles*  
by **DIL GILBERT**

# IS THIS A HOLY PLACE?



CONTINUED

## MONO LAKE

continued



*Biologist Gaines (above) has spearheaded the effort to reduce the amount of water diverted from the shrinking lake. Georgeson, who heads the L.A. waterworks, defends it and its aqueduct.*

**T**he first white men to travel across North America's Great Basin and then through the central Sierra Nevada to the Pacific were 50 fur trappers led by Captain Joseph Walker, the Magellan of the Rocky Mountain men. They headed westward in the summer of 1833 from a fur trade rendezvous on the Green River in Wyoming and didn't return to the Rockies until July of 1834. Day after day during that year they suffered from the physical and psychic stress that comes from having no idea what lies beyond the horizon. They became dehydrated. They hallucinated. They drank the blood of their livestock on alkali plains and fought two violent battles with desert Indians. They came to the Sierra in late fall when it was already

deep in snow but forced a passage by inventing mountaineering techniques and devices, by eating their horses and tack and by enduring hardships that were a hairbreadth and a nerve's twitch from being humanly unendurable.

All 50 men survived and their expedition provided geographical data of great assistance to the overland emigrants who began rolling toward California in their wagons a decade later. However, at the time they were making the journey the furmen-explorers gave no thought to advancing the westward movement of the American people. They went west essentially for spiritual reasons, because 1,500



miles of unexplored country was there and they were excited by the prospect of being the first white men to see it.

Zenas Leonard, the clerk-chromicler of the party, kept a journal of his five years in the virgin West. When he finally re-

turned to his home in Pennsylvania, a local newspaper editor published it. The journal has been republished four times since then and remains one of the great—and most instructive—American travelers' tales. He reported that when the

mountain men finally staggered down the western slope of the Sierra they were more dead than alive from starvation, fatigue and anxiety. Along the San Joaquin River they found game for the first time in six weeks, and with fresh meat and California sunshine, their bodies and souls quickly revived. One day they killed nine deer and a fat bear. That evening, having eaten most of the meat, they lay back around the campfire, stoked up their pipes with the last of their tobacco and began to reflect on their ordeal. Leonard reported, "We had spent much time and toil, and lost many horses, without realizing any profit whatever [but] every man expressed himself fully compensated for his labor, by the many natural curiosities we had discovered."

Walker and his men were compensated with curiosities almost as soon as they set foot in California. In October, coming out of the sagebrush and creosote barrens of Nevada, they gained a prominence—probably what is now called Conway Summit on U.S. Route 395—and were met with one of the grandest vistas on the North American continent. Looking west they saw the frightening grandeur of the Sierra. To the south was a 55,000-acre lake, an enormous cobalt blue bowl of water, sitting improbably in the middle of the howling desert. They stopped on this ridge for several days to study the mountains and decide how to tackle them; while there, some of them went down to investigate the lake. At close range it proved even more astonishing than it was from a distance. The brilliant waters were unlike any the mountaineers had ever examined, being both bitter and potent, a solution of "lie." Leonard wrote, with which they found they could do a tolerable job of scouring their greasy clothes. More wondrously, rafts of hard but spongelike rock floated on the surface. Strange columns and spires of another soft rock, which had a Swiss cheese appearance, could be seen underneath the water and rising just above it. The lake held few signs of life except for myriads of wormlike creatures wriggling about in it and drifts of flies along the shores. Hot springs rose around the shoreline. To the south was an expanse of blackened rock pocked with sharp pits

*continued*





## MONO LAKE

Continued

and peaks where volcanic action 2,000 years before had left the skin of the earth looking like that of a man suffering from a bad case of boils.

This place, like most Walker and his men encountered, had no name they knew of, and they didn't give it one before continuing on. Later, whites with the leisure and inclination to name things called it Mono, after a tribelet of Indians who were sometimes found on the shores collecting the flies and larvae for food—the Monachs or "fly eaters," as other tribes contemptuously identified them.

It can be said that the first impression of most tourists who have since visited Mono Lake has been similar to Leonard's—that among natural phenomena, this is a very weird sucker. However, opinion has been sharply divided about whether this place is weird in a wonderful or in a terrible way.

One early visitor was John Muir, the naturalist-esthete who one day in 1869 hustled over from Yosemite to proclaim that the Mono Basin was True and Beautiful Nature, saying of it, "A country of wonderful contrasts. Hot deserts bounded by snow-laden mountains, cinders and ashes scattered on glacier-polished pavements, frost and fire working together in the making of beauty. In the lake are

several volcanic islands, which show that the waters were once mingled with fire."

Despite these fine sentiments, those of Monophobes were better known initially because another 19th-century visitor had a different opinion from Muir's and was an influential journalist. This was a young tramp reporter, on the lam from the Civil War, who was roughing it in the silver-mining camps of Nevada. One day in 1863, Mark Twain (to give young Sam Clemens the name he later adopted) rode over with friends from the Esmeralda diggings to look at the strange lake he had heard about and to see if it would make a

story. It did. First, the men tested the water, which Twain thought was about the sorriest he had ever tasted other than the brew from some Arkansas wells. He said it was pretty much pure lye and impossible for a white man to drink, though some local Indians were reported to guzzle it. "It is not improbable, for they are among the purest liars I ever saw," Twain wrote. "There will be no additional charge for this joke, except to parties requiring an explanation of it."

Twain and his pals got a boat and started puddling around the lake. They had with them "a valuable dog . . ."

He had raw places on him. He had more raw places on him than sound ones. He was the rawest dog I almost ever saw. He jumped overboard . . . to get away from the flies. But it was bad judgment. In his condition, it would have been just as comfortable to jump into the fire. The alkali water ripped him in all the raw places simultaneously, and he struck out for the shore with considerable interest. He yelped and barked and howled as he went—and by the time he got to the shore there was no bark to him—for he had barked the bark all out of his inside, and the alkali water had cleaned the bark all off his outside. . . . He was not a demonstrative dog, as a general thing, but rather of a grave and serious turn of mind, and I never saw him take so much interest in anything before. He finally struck out over the mountains, at a gait which we estimated at about two hundred and fifty miles an hour, and he is going yet. This was about nine years ago. We look for what is left of him along here every day.

Before he finished his research, Twain came close to drowning in Mono Lake when he and a friend were caught on it in a sudden storm. These sweep down off the Sierra, raising a fearful chop, and since Twain's time have claimed the lives of a number of boaters. This probably soured his views somewhat. In any event, he ended up calling it the Dead Sea of California and mocking it as a fine example of the sort of terrible, weird jokes the Creator is capable of playing when He sets His mind to it.

Continued



Mono attracts thousands of nesting California gulls (top) and migrating eared grebes (bottom) with its abundant population of brine shrimp.



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## MONO LAKE

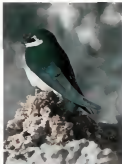
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There are at least two outstanding things about Mono Lake for which we should all be grateful. First, it inspired Mark Twain to tell the 250-mpg raw-dog story. Second, Mono Lake is more interesting and thought-provoking than Twain claimed it was.

Mono is—or, as we shall see, was—filled by six streams that run down the Sierra into the basin. It is a terminal lake. Except for evaporation, there's no way for the water that flows into it to leave. The inlet streams are fresh and sweet but contain a lot of dissolved minerals. Once in the lake these salts stay more or less forever. (Mono is one of the continent's oldest lakes, having been formed between one and three million years ago.) But the concentration of minerals has become stronger as water has evaporated from the lake. By estimate, Mono now contains about 300 million tons of salts—three-quarters of a pound for each gallon of water—which makes it three times more saline than the oceans. The composition of the solution is more remarkable than its strength. The salinity of the sea and many other terminal lakes, e.g., the Great Salt Lake, comes from the sodium chloride, i.e., table salt, they contain. Mono holds a lot of sodium chloride, but even more sodium carbonate—as in baking soda—and considerable amounts of sodium sulphate and traces of many other salts. In consequence, Mono water is simultaneously salty and alkaline.

As Leonard noted, plain Mono Lake water is sufficiently alkaline to wash clothes thoroughly—but not very gentle. Also, it's extremely buoyant and gives a swimmer the sensation of lying on a hammock. Mono water won't, as Twain claimed, remove hides, but it will definitely aggravate holes in them. And drinking the water won't kill one deadlier than a doornail, but it burns and is bitter and altogether unsavory.

The strange spindly towers that rise in and around the lake are also a consequence of the peculiar composition of the lake. They are made of tufa, which is created as freshwater springs well up through the floor of the saline lake. As they do so, salts are precipitated, solidify and form the tufa columns. Chemically the tufa spires are similar to cave stalagmites but are more porous, giving the appearance of having been chewed by termites. Along the south shore of the lake



Visitors to this desert oasis include (from the top): bluebirds; great horned owls, here on the tufa formations; and Wilson's phalaropes.

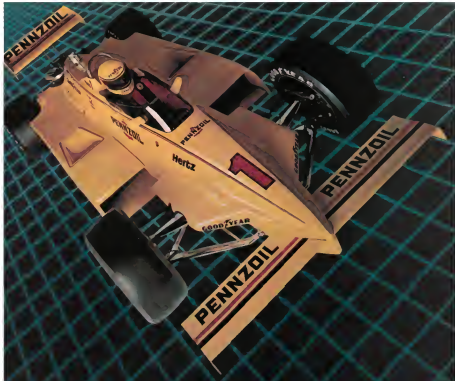
the tufa formations proliferate in grotesque shapes and have been called galleries of science fiction art. The extraterrestrial sense is enhanced by the blackened volcanic area, the Mono Craters, just inland from the tufa gardens.

The floating rocks that so astonished the men of Walker's party were pieces of pumice blown into the lake from the volcanic cones. The Mono Craters are still active, as the hot springs welling up around them indicate. The most recent eruption was 640 years ago.

Twain called Mono a "dead sea," but he acknowledged that he used the term loosely to emphasize that there were no decent animals in the waters, "no fish, no frogs, no snakes, no polliwogs—nothing, in fact, that goes to make life desirable." He did note that there were some strange things, most obviously "a white feathery sort of worm, one half an inch long, which looks like a bit of white thread frayed out at the sides. If you dip up a gallon of water, you will get about 15,000 of these." Twain's is a fairly good description of the lake's brine shrimp. He wasn't exaggerating their numbers, current scientific opinion being that trillions of these creatures live in Mono. For example, each year commercial collectors take about 250 tons of brine shrimp from the lake for tropical-fish food. Not even the most concerned protectionists feel this is a threat to the shrimp or has noticeably reduced their population. There is also a brine fly, which hangs in thick swarms around the shore.

Waterfowl, 79 species of which have been reported, are the most visible and spectacular members of the Mono wildlife community. They are there in great numbers and variety because the lake is in the desert on a flyway and because the shrimp and flies make it a rich and dependable feeding station for both resident and migratory species. Some 40,000 California gulls—95% of the state's breeding population—nest on volcanic islands and rocks above the surface of the lake. It's also an important breeding area for snowy plovers. About a third of the world's 300,000 Wilson's phalaropes and substantial numbers of northern phalaropes stop at Mono en route between their Canadian nesting grounds and winter ranges in South America. The most numerous migrants are eared grebes, upwards of 800,000 of which congregate on the lake in the fall.

continued



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Operating from this store, in Lee Vining, the Mono Lake Committee has but one goal: to save the lake.

## The Owens Homologue

About 120 miles south of Mono, on the east side of the Sierra, there is a feature on contemporary California maps called Owens Lake. It appears as a speckled blue hloh, instead of a solid one, to indicate that Owens is related to a lake but isn't one. In this cave the relationship is historical. From time immemorial until about 60 years ago, Owens was a saline, terminal desert lake comparable in size to Mono. Now the basin once filled by the lake is a shimmering white alkali plain in which a few puddles stand only after heavy rains.

Mono and Owens lakes are homologues, or twins. This is a figurative expression: They were significantly different even when both were lakes. Obviously they are very different now, which is less a reflection of natural occurrence than of public policy. The point is that the process, which reduced Owens from its former to present status is now affecting Mono.

What happened to Owens was that the fresh waters that once fed it were diverted and shipped south to Los Angeles via a 233-mile-long aqueduct opened for business in 1913. This project had been first conceived 10 years earlier, at a time when all the resident Angelenos—some 100,000 souls—had plenty of water. Among them were some aggressive entrepreneurs who envisioned that the city

might become more or less what it has become—if it had a lot more water. It occurred to these men that the enlightened few who understood what water would do for the arid lands around L.A., who planned their real estate investments accordingly and then made sure the water was delivered, stood to make impressive fortunes. This came to pass.

Three formal histories have been written about how L.A. got Owens Lake, and the movie *Chinatown* was based on the same theme. All reports agree that some very hard political and economic ball was played during this episode.

Originally Los Angeles was served by a private water company, but before the building of the aqueduct this was purchased by the city and became what is now called the Department of Water and Power. With the backing of the developer-speculator class, the DWP accumulated impressive resources of its own and a lot of political clout. It became a sovereign municipal duchy, often operating independently of city hall. Through aggressive lobbying to create favorable state and federal legislation, by purchase and pressure on stubborn local residents, the DWP acquired most of the water rights in Inyo, where Owens Lake is located, and Mono counties, as well as a lot of ancillary real estate. (After the Bureau of Land Management and the Forest Service, both federal bodies, the city of

Los Angeles is the largest landowner in the two counties.) When the aqueduct was completed, freshwater streams were turned into it: when more water was needed it was obtained from a series of deep wells. By the 1930s Owens Lake was a small sour puddle, and much of the ranch and agricultural land of Inyo County that was formerly irrigated had become arid.

All of this wasn't accomplished amicably. In fact, despite our recent squabbles about pipelines, nuclear power, snail darters and acid rain, we have never had such a bitter and violent environmental controversy as the one that took place during the so-called Owens Valley water war. Residents in Inyo County harassed and hammered on waterworks employees and state and federal bureaucrats thought to be in cahoots with them. Clandestine dynamites, who were locally regarded as public-spirited heroes, blew more than a dozen holes in the aqueduct. Eventually, lawmen and private security guards moved in to enforce the water rights of Los Angeles. The crackdown squelched the rebellion, and the violence was finally stopped. When the dust had settled in 1932, Will Rogers, who among many other national commentators had been aroused by the conflict, issued more or less the final communiqué of the water war. "This was a wonderful valley with a quarter million acres of fruit and alfalfa, but Los Angeles had to have more water for its chamber of commerce to drink more toasts to its growth, more water to dilute its orange juice . . . so now this is a valley of desolation."

Throughout the battle the DWP justified its actions by arguing that by bringing water to the city, the greatest good for the greatest number was achieved. Today 3,000,000 people are served by the DWP in Los Angeles, and there are only 26,500 residents of Inyo and Mono counties. If the latter don't like what the former are doing with the water, the democratic answer is, essentially, lump it. Inyo County did, but even today the bitterness lingers.

In the 1930s, because of the rapid growth of the L.A. metropolitan area, the DWP decided it needed more water than Owens Valley could supply. In 1941 the aqueduct was extended into the Mono Basin, with a second aqueduct from there being completed in 1970. As of now, four of the five major streams that once fed the lake are diverted into the DWP-built

continued

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## MONO LAKE

(continued)

Grant Lake reservoir, 10 miles to the southwest. From there the water enters an 11.5-mile-long tunnel burrowed under the Mono Craters, a location that tends to alarm volcanologists, and then flows aboveground through the channelized remains of the Owens River to another reservoir, Crowley Lake. There it enters the aqueduct proper. In total, Mono waters flow 338 miles to Los Angeles. The DWP has invested \$100 million in the Mono project. In return, it gets an average of 100,000 acre-feet of water a year, approximately 17% of all the water used by its customers. Since there is a drop in elevation of 7,000 feet between Mono and the city, the water is also used to generate hydroelectric power—300 million kilowatt hours a year, or 1% of the total used in Los Angeles.

As to trade-offs: Since the diversion of the feeder streams began in 1941, the level of Mono Lake has dropped at an average rate of more than 12 inches a year; the surface area has decreased from 55,000 acres to 40,000; the water volume by about 45%; and the salinity, because of the lower influx of fresh water, has doubled. What was once Negit Island, the second-largest one in the lake, has been since 1978 Negit peninsula, a land bridge in the shrunken lake connecting it to the shore. California gulls, brine shrimp and fly populations, while still huge, seem to have declined, but the causes for this are a matter of dispute.

In 1978 the Interagency Task Force on Mono Lake, made up of state and federal

natural resource authorities, was convened to consider the future of the lake. The task force calculated that if the present rate of diversion continues, the lake will stabilize sometime within the next 50 to 100 years, i.e., rainfall and the remaining inflow of surface water will balance evaporation. At that point the lake will be about half its present size, or about a third of what it was in 1941. It will be 27% saline, about three times more than at present. It will then be too salty, so far as anyone knows, to support most of its current life forms, including brine shrimp and flies, and, presumably, the waterfowl that feed upon them.

### The Mono Lake Committee

For 35 years after the diversion of Mono waters began it caused little stir, certainly nothing on the order of the previous water wars. Local residents, having seen the

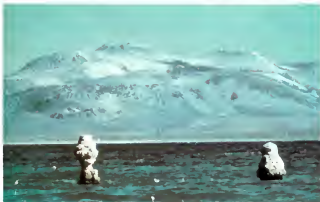
fight lost in Owens Valley, saw little reason to oppose the project in the Mono Basin, an area less suitable for ranching and farming. Outsiders weren't that curious about what was happening around the isolated lake. This state of affairs suited the Los Angeles waterworks nicely.

But the situation has changed recently because of the efforts of a fiercely aggressive, single-issue environmental organization called the Mono Lake Committee, created five years ago by a young biologist named David Gaines. Now 35, Gaines, who grew up in Los Angeles, says that it wasn't until he was a graduate student that he realized there were any problems at Mono Lake, and he thinks his ignorance was typical.

As a youngster Gaines developed a strong interest in natural history. A passion for bird watching and an inclination to moon over maps, looking for empty



*Tufa columns that were almost totally submerged in 1962 (below) now stand fully exposed, bearing more witness to the lake's receding water level.*



spots on them, led him to persuade his parents to visit Mono during a family vacation. He returned as a teen-ager to admire the bird life and the scenery. "I had no idea that there was a connection between Los Angeles and this place," he says. "In Los Angeles water comes from a tap. How it gets there isn't something you learn about in school or, until recently, read about in the newspaper."

After completing a master's degree in biology at UC-Davis, he remained and taught for a year and then spent another semester teaching at Stanford. In the summer of 1976, with a party of Stanford and Davis undergraduates, he made his first professional field trip to Mono. He



and the others were struck by the paucity of scientific information about the lake and how little attention was being paid to the effects of the diversions on the ecosystem. From this came the passion that Gaines has served ever since.

Gaines spent much of the next two years on the road, giving lectures and slide shows to environmental and civic groups throughout California, explaining what Mono Lake was, what it was in danger of becoming and the intricacies of water politics. With help from members of the original undergraduate study party and the institutional support of the National Audubon Society and Sierra Club, Gaines was able to generate enough interest so that the Mono Lake Committee was formed in 1978.

Its headquarters is a storefront office in Lee Vining, a tiny village on the shores of Mono. There a handful of volunteers, student interns and full-time, modestly paid staff members publish a monthly newsletter, issue position papers, sponsor seminars and operate a first-class natural history book and map store. From the store's revenues, dues from 4,500 members and occasional grants, the committee now grosses about \$250,000 a year. Gaines is its chairman, and with his wife, Sally, one of the original Monopole converts and workers, he lives in Lee Vining. The committee employs a full-time lobbyist in Sacramento and an executive director in Los Angeles. The latter is Ed Grosswiler, 46, former AP reporter in Oregon and Congressional staff member in Washington, who is chiefly responsible for the organization's legislative, fund-raising and public relations activities.

The most obvious and substantial accomplishment of Gaines and his cohorts has been to make the fate of Mono a matter of general public concern. There is now the Interagency Task Force on Mono Lake, a bill has been introduced in the California legislature to fund a long-term Mono research project, and there are others before the U.S. Congress to make the lake and its environs a national monument. Also, the California Supreme Court in February handed down a decision for the committee, as the plaintiff, which says that according to the doctrine of public trust—one which has deep roots in English common law—the use of Mono should be regulated in the general public interest because the lake consti-

tutes irreplaceable state communal property. The precedent-setting decision is sure to have an effect on other land- and water-use controversies. Le Val Lund, DWP chief of aqueducts, calls it "the most significant litigation in 100 years. It throws into question all the water resources in the state of California." The specific issue of the diversion of Mono Lake's water is now awaiting trial in U.S. District Court in Sacramento. Under the State Supreme Court's ruling, the judge must weigh consideration of public trust values against the needs of L.A.

The objective of the committee is to have the diversion of water from Mono to Los Angeles substantially curtailed. Specifically it favors the recommendation of the Interagency Task Force, which calls for Los Angeles to reduce the water it takes from the Mono Basin by 85,000 acre-feet per year, or, in other words, to use only about 15,000 acre-feet of it annually. This would stabilize the lake at about 10 feet above the present level, return Negit to permanent island status and maintain an environment suitable for the continued prosperity of brine shrimp, flies, birds and humans who like Mono. The planners calculate that if L.A. reduced its water use by 15% a year, 93,300 acre-feet a year would be saved, more than would be lost by reducing its demands on Mono. The overall cost for the loss of Mono water and hydroelectric power generated by it would be about \$44 a year per customer in L.A. The committee believes that once the lake reaches the task force's recommended stabilizing level, the city of Los Angeles could resume diverting an amount approaching 50% of its past yearly average of 100,000 acre-feet.

The Los Angeles DWP opposes the proposal on the grounds that it would be much more expensive and disruptive to adopt than the task force claims. Most particularly, the waterworks people feel that the conservation measures are unrealistic. Deane L. Georgeon, 48, the DWP's chief engineer of waterworks and assistant manager and its principal spokesman in the Mono controversy, says that the only way the water savings suggested by the task force could be achieved is by rationing, that the DWP doesn't want to get into the water-cop business; and that it's unfair to subject Los Angeles citizens to such restrictions when, say, those of San Francisco are not

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## MONO LAKE

*continued*



*The first white men to see Mono Lake were led by the legendary Captain Joseph Walker in 1831.*

Georgeson also points out that Los Angeles alone paid for and built the water collection works in the Mono Basin and by previous agreements and standing laws has every right to use as much as 167,000 acre-feet a year of the water. However, the DWP would give up this source—"get out tomorrow" is Georgeson's expression—if water in equal quantities and of comparable cost from elsewhere were made available to the city. And where might that water come from?

"Aha," says Georgeson, "that's the catch, the question nobody wants to face." He points out that once-promising waterworks are now defunct or in serious political trouble. "All environmental activities—heating Portland, Maine, cooling Houston, Texas, watering Los Angeles—involve trade-offs. If we are going to maintain metropolitan areas we have to bring water to them. If the water doesn't come from Mono, it has to come from someplace else and there will be an environmental impact at the source."

DWP reports frequently refer to "saline Mono Lake" and emphasize that the water has never been fit to drink, irritates the skin, corrodes water-ski boats, does not support decent sport fish and is generally of no account. Mono Lake preservationists counter that the streams which once fed the lake provided good trout fishing; that while it may not be in the Southern California style, people do boat

and swim in Mono, and that 100,000 visitors come each year to a small, undeveloped state park on the lake.

Second, the DWP suggests that even though Mono is fairly scrubby, the waterworks is being very careful with it and isn't messing things up as rapidly or as much as hysterical environmentalists claim. The Mono Lake Committee and its supporters say this simply isn't true, that in fact the DWP is killing the lake. Which side is right is the crucial question. If nothing else, attempts to answer it have engendered a lot of research in and around the lake.

So far as money goes, the DWP is the chief supporter of this new cottage industry, having spent more than \$500,000 in the last three years on Mono research conducted by either full-time employees of the department or consultants engaged by it. This activity will continue. The DWP signed a cooperative agreement last spring with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service to pay for an additional \$150,000 worth of research. This was in keeping with Secretary of the Interior James Watt's policy of inviting local interests or private enterprise to participate in federal research projects, a practice critics regard as comparable to letting a fox guard a hen house.

The Mono Lake Committee doesn't have the wherewithal to directly fund research as the DWP has, but the group has

been remarkably successful in persuading a number of conservation-minded professionals, whose academic credentials and standing are at least as good as the experts hired by DWP, to investigate the situation at the lake. Here the Mono dispute illustrates a phenomenon associated with many environmental controversies: Time and again, small, impecunious, ad hoc outfits are able to thwart and change the plans of large, powerful, rich institutions and interests. This occurs because Mono Lake Committee-type organizations are fueled by passion and are able to obtain critical human resources—the services of people skillful in science, public relations, administration and politics—for free or at very cut rates. As a public affairs strategist Gaines, for example, has proved himself more than a match for any and all DWP hirelings, but until three years ago he worked for nothing and now is paid about the salary of a DWP clerk-typist.

Everyone agrees that Negit was an island until the spring of 1978 when it became a peninsula as the water level in the lake declined. (Recent storms have only temporarily resubmerged the bridge. Earlier the California Fish and Game Department and the National Guard tried to blast holes in it and then to put a predator-proof fence across it. Both efforts at re-establishing the isolation of Negit failed.) It's also agreed that Negit was the principal nesting site for as many as 50,000 California gulls and that within two years after the land bridge formed the gulls had left, scattering to smaller islands and rocky outcroppings, where they hatched eggs and reared chicks in somewhat reduced numbers. Then in 1981 25,000 chicks, about 90% of the hatch, died before they matured.

The Mono Lake Committee and the scientists doing research for it claim that because the land bridge formed, a kind of predaceous pogrom occurred; that, to quote its report, "coyotes invaded the island, roosting its 34,000 nesting gulls, and preyed on their eggs. . . ." As to the calamities of 1981, the committee believes that the gulls died for two reasons: because the chicks to which they fled from Negit provided inferior nesting sites and because the brine shrimp hatch in the spring of 1981 was abnormally low, reflecting the fact that salinity of the water had increased. In the eyes of the committee, all this was brought on by the diver-

*continued*

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## MONO LAKE

(continued)

sion of water to L.A. and is directly the fault of the DWP.

To the contrary, say waterworks spokesmen. The department's scientists found very little evidence of coyotes directly preying on the Negit gulls. It's also suggested that researchers, including those of the Mono Lake Committee, may have disturbed the birds in 1979 as much as the coyotes did. In leaving Negit the gulls were simply adapting to changed environmental conditions, something all vigorous species do. The relative success of the gulls' breeding in 1980 suggests that nesting sites on the smaller Mono islands aren't intrinsically inferior to Negit's. As to the 1981 die-off, DWP experts say the spring shrimp hatch was down because of natural cyclical changes. The gulls died, they say, mainly as a result of an early summer heat wave.

DWP authorities maintain that lake organisms will adapt to the steadily rising salinity levels for at least another 50 years and quite possibly until the water reaches its maximum salinity, around the year 2070 under the present diversion rate.

Monophiles respond that the impact of increasing salinity is not measurable in steady increments but often has a sudden cumulative effect that can produce dramatic changes.

### The National Monument

A bill to set aside Mono Lake as a monument under the National Park Service was introduced in the U.S. House of Representatives in 1981 by Congressman Norman Shumway (R-Calif.). A modified version of the bill has since been introduced by Congressman Richard Lehman (D-Calif.) with Shumway's support. The new bill would establish a national monument under the administration of the Forest Service and would encompass a larger area, to include the Mono Craters. Last week Senator Alan Cranston (D-Calif.) introduced a twin bill in the Senate.

Capitol Hill observers feel there's little chance of the monument being created during the tenure of the present administration, which is clearly loath to acquire new federal properties or to add preservation-type restrictions on the use of existing ones. Two hearings on the House measures have been held before the Interior Subcommittee on Public Lands and

Parks, a body chaired by Congressman John Seiberling (D-Ohio). Another is scheduled for June 2 on the Lehman bill. DWP witnesses have opposed both bills, arguing that the establishment of a monument would adversely affect their water rights. The Mono Lake Committee favors monument status.

During hearings on the original bill, Seiberling buoyed conservationists' spirits by angrily turning on a DWP representative and saying that it appeared to him that the gist of the waterworks testimony was: "Mono Lake drop dead." Later Seiberling said that his charge seemed to get the DWP's attention and that since then it has dissembled less and been more reasonable.

Seiberling spent a part of last fall's Congressional recess making an inspection of natural marvels in the Great Basin

cause of the blizzard the place was at its weirdest—good or bad. The lake was very blue, the landscape white (snow and alkaline crystals) on black (lava) and could have passed as either the high arctic or the far side of the moon. It was exotic enough to shut everyone up, even the flock types, for a few breaths. Then Seiberling asked, "Is this a holy place or anything, like the one we saw the other day?" He waved his hand vaguely in the direction of southern Utah. On reflection, this was a reasonable and, given the surroundings, obvious question, but it momentarily flummoxed the rest of the party. Finally an aide asked tentatively, "You mean native claims?" Seiberling nodded a bit impatiently. Having caught his drift, several federal land managers assured him the Indians had no religious or legal designs on the Mono Basin.

The sense of the sacred in the natural splendors of America has been persistent and remains more general than our style permits us to admit. Gaumes, with his abiding passion for the waters of the strange lake, is obviously responding to similar feelings. Virtually all of the controversies we now call environmental are at their hearts spiritual. They are ultimately concerned with what symbols—lands, waters, vistas, species—should be used as testimonials to our awe and reverence of nature. When Congressman Seiberling accused the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power of wanting Mono Lake to "drop dead," he was leveling a charge of natural blasphemy. The waterworks has since gone to great pains to prove that its people revere nature as much as anybody, but only question whether this weird desert lake is a necessary and suitable object for adoration.

If we should preserve Mono Lake, we will no doubt formally say we did so to serve ecology, the gene pool, beauty, outdoor recreation, public health or law. But these will probably be peripheral issues. At Mono Lake the difference of opinion is not about the corporeal welfare of shrimp but about the character of our humanity and the obligations it entails to acknowledge and respect mysterious nature, the elements we did not create, the forms we cannot replace and the forces whose functions and purposes we do not comprehend.



Twain's Mono Lake tale was a not-so-shaggy-dog story.

and Rocky Mountains. He arrived at Mono Lake after an early blizzard had deposited a foot of snow on the basin.

In addition to a host of BLM, Forest, Park, and Fish and Wildlife personnel, Seiberling brought several political aides with him. The Mono Lake Committee and the DWP each had half a dozen people on hand. Eventually the entourage got to the top of a volcanic cone that overlooks much of the Mono Basin. Be-



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# replay

by FRANZ LIDZ

## THE SULTAN SWATS. AND A FAMOUS, IF QUESTIONABLE, PHOTOGRAPH IS TAKEN

It's the classic photograph of Babe Ruth—and baseball as it used to be. The Sultan is caught at the end of his swing, feet splayed, bat in front of his right shoulder, eyes gazing up in wonder as the ball heads toward Jupiter. The picture of The Babe (below, right) is the essence of



baseball's era of buggy-pants innocence. Reggie Jackson, the quintessential contemporary home-run hitter, doesn't look like that. At the end of his stroke, Jackson is rapt in wide-eyed admiration.

Ruth was the superstar of the baseball little boys play; Jackson is a superstar in a game filled with grown-up compromises. In Ruth's case, the press and public willingly forgave a multitude of sins—from gluttony to lust. Even now, perhaps, we prefer the simple, heroic image that comes through in the photograph. A painting of the picture once hung in the Hall of Fame and is now displayed prominently at the Babe Ruth Birthplace in Baltimore. The photo also served as the model for a postage stamp to be issued this July in connection with the 50th anniversary of the first All-Star Game.

Ruth was 35 at the time the picture was taken, but still at the top of his game. It was May 1, 1930, and the Yankees were playing an exhibition at old Oriole Park, a splintery-benched International League teacup in North Baltimore. This was to be the last game Ruth would play in his hometown.

Ruth died in 1948, but the photographer who took the picture, LeRoy Merriken (left), is alive and well and living in Baltimore. In the 53 years since he snapped the photo, Merriken has covered murders, fires and Presidents' funerals. But baseball remains his favorite subject. He has photographs he took of minor league Oriole pitchers Lefty Grove and George Earnshaw before they moved up to the majors with the Philadelphia Athletics. And he hasn't missed an Opening Day in 67 years. But none of his work is as celebrated as the picture he took of Ruth. He made his reputation on it.

"I knew Babe would hit one out that day," he says. "I stood 15 feet from home plate and kept my camera, a Speed Graphic, on him every time he stepped in to face the pitcher. The first time up, he struck out. The next time, he took a couple of cuts and missed. I was waiting for him to swing hard.

When he did, the ball went over the fence between center and leftfield, and I took that picture. It was just a lucky shot, I guess."

Roy Merriken is a slight, dapper gentleman, with the contented look of a somewhat absent-minded leprechaun who's found a pot of gold he'd misplaced. Born on Sept. 16, 1897, Merriken is 2½ years younger than Ruth would be and, at 5' 3", 11

inches shorter. His first viewfinder was a knothole in the Bull Durham sign in leftfield at the old American League Park. "I used to stake out that hole hours before game time," he recalls. "Then they'd open the gates and let all of us kids in after the seventh inning."

Merriken dropped out of school in the eighth grade to take a job as an office boy at the *Baltimore American*. "My boss

told me that if I wanted to get ahead I'd either have to become an artist or a photographer," he says. "I said I couldn't draw a straight line, so he lent me a camera, a Graflex that weighed about twice as much as I did."

He took his first baseball pictures in 1914, the same year that Ruth left a Baltimore reform school to join the minor league Orioles. Merriken took the team picture that year because he was a cub photographer and the Orioles were the second-string team in town. The upstart Federal League was trying to make it as a third major league, and the veteran writers and photographers were across the street watching the local entry, the Terrapins, at their park. The Terrapins allegedly had major league talent. Ironically, the fans and press were missing the professional debut of the best baseball player of all time.

The Federal League folded following the 1915 season. About the only thing that it accomplished in Baltimore was to force Jack Dunn, the Orioles' owner, to sell Ruth to the Boston Red Sox because the Orioles' gate receipts were so low. Ruth left Baltimore on July 11, 1914.

By the time Merriken took Ruth's picture again, The Bambino had appeared in nine World Series, slammed 60 homers in a season and "buit" Yankee Stadium. Merriken never tires of recounting the circumstances surrounding The Babe's 1930 clout in Baltimore, but, alas, the record doesn't bear him out. If you look at the box score of that game, you find that Ruth didn't hit a home run. In five plate appearances he struck out, walked, flied twice to center and doubled. "While the fans were disappointed when The Babe failed to lift one out of the park," reported the *Baltimore Sun*, "they did see him hit a home run—for the dressing-room door when [Joe] Hauser hit the last grounder. The Yankees had to catch a train. . . . The Bambino [playing first base, rare for him] made only a passing grab at the ball as he dashed for the dugout. Baltimore galloped home with the winning run."

In the idolatrous world of baseball romantics, everything that Ruth hit was a homer. Merriken still remembers taking a picture that day of Ruth hitting one out of the park. As oldtime sports editors used to say when confronted with facts that conflicted with their legends, print the legend.



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# Sports Illustrated



## It's a wonderful world!

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It is competition, composure, memory, anticipation. Sport is not all

things to all people. But today it is something in more different ways to more people than it has ever been before.

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Its colors are as bright as a cardinal's feathers; as soft as midnight on a mountain trail. It is as loud as a sta-

dium at the climax of a World Series—and as quiet as snow. It is exercise and rest. It is man exuberant and man content.

In America today, sport is not only a dream that lies over the rainbow. It is also an awakening that brings a family together—on a boat or beach, sking weekend or camping trip.

Sport is a wonderful world.

**Sports Illustrated**  
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Edited by GAY FLOOD

**BILL RUSSELL & CO.**

Sir,

William Taaffe (TV/RADIO, May 16) complains that Bill Russell's basketball commentary is too slow. Compared to that of the nonsport talkers, I guess it is. Russell is the only announcer who has the sense to remain silent when there isn't anything to say. He also is the only one who understands tempo and pace, that games take time to develop—he once said that even though a team was losing at halftime, he would tell the players to continue doing exactly the same thing! I find Russell refreshing and relaxing, and his insights worth waiting for. Perhaps Russell is out of place in this electronic, hyperkinetic age, but if so, it is more a commentary on us than on him.

WILLIAM C. CRAIN  
Associate Professor of Psychology  
The City College  
New York City

Sir,

It's time that criticism of color analysts like Bill Russell comes to an end. He is respected by the critics who really count, the fans. William Taaffe's criticism of Russell is primarily from an artistic standpoint. However, it is not artistry that impresses the fans, but what is said. The firsthand knowledge that Russell imparts to his audiences gives the fan a feeling of what it is like to be there in actual, pressurized game situations. It may not be artistic, but it certainly is effective.

GLENN HALL  
East Orange, N.J.

Sir,

William Taaffe overlooked what I consider to be the major drawback in CBS's coverage of the NBA. It isn't Bill Russell's commentary, as Taaffe suggests, but the network's tendency to cover only three teams in the NBA. CBS fed us a steady diet of Boston, Philadelphia and Los Angeles, and Dick Stockton appeared to be biased in his play-by-play accounts of games involving those teams, particularly the semifinal series between Philadelphia and Milwaukee 1. For one, will take the cliché-ridden, machine-like ESPN any day.

LESLIE FIELDS  
Wittenberg, Wis.

**WINNING BEAUTY**

Sir,

So? Bruce Newman's article on UCLA's song girls (*Eight Beauties and a Beat*, March 16, 1981) was actually a prelude to the national media coverage now being showered on former song girl Julie Hayek, the new Miss U.S.A. Newman remarked, "Has anyone

since Lana Turner looked better in a sweater than Julie Hayek? No."

Of course, her "best letters" are not U and A anymore—now they are M and U, as in Miss U.S.A. Congratulations on your astute observations.

CLIFF GREEN  
Raleigh, N.C.

• For another look at Hayek as she appeared as a song girl at UCLA basketball games in 1981, see below —ED

**KENTUCKY SUNSHINE**

Sir,

Have I detected a trend? First Gato del Sol (Cat of the Sun) wins the Kentucky Derby. Then Sunny's Halo wins (*The Grand Gamble Pays Off*, May 16). I don't know about you, but I plan to study the names of next year's entries, and if I find the sun represented, I'll bet the farm. If Eddie Delahoussaye is aboard, it's a lock! After all, the sun does shine bright on my old Kentucky home.

SHAWN MAET  
Lawrenceville, Ga.

Sir,

As an avid Ralph Sampson and Virginia Cavalier fan, I just wish your college basketball predictions for 1982-83 (*The Top 20*, Nov. 29) had been as successful as William Nack's prediction of Sunny's Halo as the winner of the Kentucky Derby (*It's About As Clear as Mud*, May 9).

ANDY BOWE  
New Brighton, Minn.

**EGOTISM**

Sir,

In Anthony Conon's article *The Celtics' Fight for Survival* (May 2), so much emphasis

was placed on the altercation between Tree Rollins and Danny Ainge that another incident went almost unnoticed. Since the era of Muhammad Ali, it has become common practice among athletes to sing their own praises. Larry Bird's comments, such as "Sometimes I really believe that no one can guard me" and "I hope he [Dominique Wilkins] has a nice summer," were egotistical, to say the least.

As a firm believer that Bird is the best all-around player in the NBA, I was always impressed by his unselfish play and enthusiasm and I patterned my play in high school after his. I am now looking to players like Julius Erving and Magic Johnson for examples in attitude. Bird's sharp comments when asked about his matchup with Wilkins were uncalled for.

DOUG SCHOOLEY  
Pembroke Pines, Fla.

**MAD DOG'S DAY**

Sir,

For years I believed that Bill Madlock was like a spoiled child who whines when things don't bounce his way. I never regarded him as a topnotch major-leaguer. But after reading Steve Wulf's article *Glad Times for Mad Dog* (May 9), I realize that Madlock is indeed an outstanding person and player. I hadn't been aware that his stats were comparable to George Brett. Madlock's selection as the Pirates' captain is proof that he is a complete team player. I hope he will get the recognition he has obviously long deserved.

TIM MERTZ  
Northumberland, Pa.

Sir,

That was a terrific article on Bill Madlock. I have followed Bill's career closely since he was a high school student in Decatur, Ill. I also have had the privilege of working directly in state government with his mother, Sarah, in Illinois and in federal government with his sister in Washington, D.C. Bill is a member of a great family!

I will recall Bill on the night he was traded from the Cubs to the Giants. He kept a no-fee commitment to speak at our annual baseball dinner in Springfield, Ill. There are many of us who will never forget that.

ALAN J. DIXON  
Member  
United States Senate  
Washington, D.C.

**THE REAL GEORGE HENDRICK**

Sir,

George Hendrick's reputation for being silent, reclusive and cold might suffer as a result of the article by Grady Jim Robinson (*First Person*, May 16). Robinson portrays a very

constrained

# HOW TO SAVE YOUR LIFE AND THE ONE NEXT TO YOU.

OVERCOMING YOUR PSYCHOLOGICAL RESISTANCE TO SEAT BELTS MAY BE THE KEY.

The facts are startling. Experts estimate that almost half of all automobile occupant fatalities and many serious injuries might have been avoided if the people had been wearing seat belts. That's because most injuries occur when the car stops abruptly and the occupants are thrown against the car's interior or out of the car. Belts reduce this risk.

Many people say they know the facts, but they still don't wear belts. Their reasons range all over the lot: seat belts are troublesome to put on, they are uncomfortable, or they wrinkle your clothes. Some people even think getting hurt or killed in a car accident is a question of fate; and, therefore, seat belts don't matter.

If you're one of those people who don't use belts for one reason or another, please think carefully about your motivations. Are your objections to seat belts based on the facts or on rationalizations?

**Here are a few of the common rationalizations.** Many people say they are

afraid of being trapped in a car by a seat belt. In fact, in the vast majority of cases, seat belts protect passengers from severe injuries, allowing them to escape more quickly. Another popular rationalization: you'll be saved by being thrown clear of the car. Here again, accident data have proved that to be untrue—you are almost always safer inside the car.

Some people use seat belts for highway driving, but rationalize it's not worth the trouble to buckle up for short trips. The numbers tell a different story: 80% of all automobile accidents causing serious injury or death involve cars traveling under 40 miles per hour. And three quarters of all collisions happen less than 25 miles from the driver's home.

**When you're the driver, you have the psychological authority to convince all of the passengers that they should wear seat belts.** It has been shown that in a car, the driver is considered to be an authority figure. A simple reminder from you may help save someone's life.

Another common myth: holding a small child in your arms will provide the child with sufficient protection during a crash. The safety experts disagree. They point

out that even during a 30 mph collision, a 10-pound child can exert a 300-pound force against the parent's grip. So please make sure Child Restraint Systems are used for children who aren't old enough to use regular seat belts.

If you're an employer, encourage your employees to wear seat belts. At GM, we've made it a matter of policy that everyone riding in company-owned vehicles is expected to wear lap and shoulder belts.

We heartily support the program initiated by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration to encourage the use of seat belts. So please fasten your own belt, and urge your family and friends to follow your example. Even the best driver in the world can't predict what another driver will do.

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## 19TH HOLE continued

human and wonderful side of Hendrick, quite the opposite of reports by the press depicting him as a self-serving, lackadaisical player. I thoroughly enjoyed seeing something positive and uplifting about him; he's a fine human as well as a fine athlete.

JOHN STANDISH  
Indio, Calif.

Sir:

This morning a teammate of mine needed me on the way I was wearing my softball pants. I told him that I wear mine in the George Hendrick style. Now that I have read Grady Jim Robinson's article about Silent George, I plan to wear my softball pants long-legged for life.

ALAN P. SCHMIDT  
Dallas, Ore.

## TIGER FRANKS AND A.C.

Sir:

Two low blows in two pages is too much to take. On page 68 of your May 16 issue you slammed my dogs by allowing Steve Kluger and Colleen Wilson to say in *INSIDE PITCH* "Tiger Stadium...franks are stale," and two pages later you let an unnamed Blitz defender slam my man "Anthony Carter...can't carry Trumaine Johnson's shoes" (*This Rookie Is a Tru Catch*).

Let's set the record straight. Tiger Stadium franks—especially those hot off the grill—can't be touched anywhere in the major leagues. I know from having personally visited all 26 parks back in 1979. And Anthony Carter is a spectacular player who, in time, will dazzle the entire USFL.

BOB COOPER  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

## AS SHAKESPEARE SAID...

Sir:

Harvey Subenson (LISTS, May 9) omits my favorite baseball quote from Shakespeare, one that leads me to suspect that major league umpires are direct descendants, or reincarnations, of the witches in *Macbeth*: "Fair is foul, and foul is fair" (Act I, Scene 1).

HERBERT S. WHITE  
Bloomington, Ind.

## SCOREKEEPERS

Sir:

John Grossmann's article on baseball scorecards (STATS, April 25) appealed to me because I, too, love to keep score whenever I'm at the park. Grossmann mentioned a number of different scoring styles and symbols, but he failed to include one of my favorites, Phil Rizzuto's WL, which, of course, stands for *Wasn't Looking*.

STEVE SCHMITZ  
Melrose, N.Y.

Sir:

While I admire the objectivity of Peter Grossmann of *The Boston Globe*, I handled Bucky Dent's 1978 playoff home run somewhat differently: I see up my scorecard.

R. WILSON ANDERSON  
Newtown, Pa.

continued



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There are still men who ride herd in blistering sun and freezing cold, who rope and brand calves, who hunker down around a campfire at night to trade stories of round-ups and trail drives. Acclaimed photographer William Albert Allard traveled from Mexico to Canada, seeking out the last of these men and their special world, recording it in striking full-color pictures. The best of the photographs, introduced with a provocative essay on the changing West by novelist Thomas McGuane, now fill a book as fascinating as it is handsome—a pleasure to own and admire, a delight to give to anyone who loves the West.

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19TH HOLE continued

### BOX SCORES

Sir:

After reading Henry Hecht's recent article *A Box Full of Goodies* (April 4), I find myself examining box scores more intently than ever before. After all, you never know when Ozzy Smith might even make an error. Herewith [below] is the box score that appeared in the May 4 edition of *USA Today* for the Cardinal-Padre game of April 3. I wonder: Is

ST. LOUIS					SAN DIEGO				
	ab	r	h	bi		ab	r	h	bi
G. Smith ss	3	0	0	0	Wiggins #	4	1	1	0
Oberkier 3b	4	0	0	0	Bonilla 2b	4	0	1	0
Hernandez 3b	5	2	1	1	Caraway 3b	3	0	1	1
Hendricks #	4	1	2	1	Kennedy c	4	0	1	0
Lo Smith #	4	1	0	1	Lozano rf	3	1	1	0
Griesen cf	4	0	1	1	Jones cf	2	2	1	0
Porter c	4	0	1	0	Fleming 3b	2	0	1	0
Santana pr	0	0	0	0	Ramirez ss	3	0	1	2
Hart 3b	3	0	0	0	Dravecky #	5	1	1	1
Forch #	2	0	1	0	Richards ph	0	0	0	0
McGee ph	1	0	0	0	DeLeon p	0	0	0	0
Bar p	0	0	0	0	Lucas #	0	0	0	0
Torg an	0	0	0	0					
Ramirez an	1	0	0	0					
<b>Totals</b>	<b>35</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>Totals</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>St. Louis</b>	<b>100</b>	<b>226</b>	<b>000</b>	<b>— 3</b>					
<b>San Diego</b>	<b>119</b>	<b>208</b>	<b>00a</b>	<b>— 4</b>					
<b>Game-winning RBI — Dravecky (1).</b>									
<b>DP — St. Louis 2 LOB — St. Louis 9</b>									
<b>San Diego 3 2B — Hernandez 2 RBI —</b>									
<b>Hernandez (1) 5B — Griesen (4), O. Smith</b>									
<b>(1) Caught Stealing — Jones 5 — Fleming</b>									
<b>Dravecky, O. Smith, Hart 5P —</b>									
<b>Garvey</b>									
St. Louis					IP				
	L	1-3				H	R	E	R
Forch	4	7	4	4	0	0	0	0	0
Martin	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0
Bar	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
<b>San Diego</b>									
Dravecky	W	4-1	7	9	3	3	0	4	1
DeLeon			7-13	3	0	0	0	1	1
Lucas	5-8		7-3	0	0	0	0	2	0
<b>RK — Dravecky, Forch, PB — Kennedy</b>									
<b>Jay T — 237.4 — 16.86</b>									
<b>Outs — 1B — Hernandez, 1B — Fleming</b>									
<b>Outs — 2B — Williams (Montague absent due</b>									
<b>to wife having baby)</b>									

Montague's baby the youngest person ever to receive hitting in an official major league box score?

T. SCOTT FEATHERS  
Altoona, Pa.

### FOR THREE-CUSHION FANS

Sir:

It was a pleasure to see three-cushion billiards—the most challenging of the cue games—get some attention in your pages (PERSPECTIVE, April 18). Fortunately, the game is more popular than the author, Michael Boughman, apparently believes. Fifty tournaments were held in the U.S. last year by the American Billiard Association, and an impressive national tournament is staged every spring in the 300-seat arena at California Billiards in San Jose, Calif. At the 1983 nationals, five players averaged between .931 and 1.054 points per inning, the best performance by Americans in 40 years.

ROBERT BYRNE  
San Rafael, Calif.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

# The Spirit of America



*Heading West by Thomas Ives*

Only men with strength as formidable as the land itself could survive in the blistering sun and arid expanses of the desert Southwest. Those who did, toasted its haunting beauty with a glass of America's native whiskey: Kentucky Bourbon. Old Grand-Dad still makes that Bourbon much as we did 100 years ago. It's the spirit of America.

For a 19" x 26" print of *Heading West*, send a check or money order for \$4.95 to Spirit of America offer, P.O. Box 183H, Carle Place, N.Y. 11514.

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